

THE SATURDAY REVIEW



No. 3938. Vol. 151
FOUNDED 1855

18 April 1931

Price Sixpence
(REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER)

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SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The Subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the publisher. The paper is dispatched in time to reach Subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

NOTES OF THE WEEK

THE revolt against the monarchy in Spain was not, of course, entirely unexpected; but the fact that the revolution broke out earlier than was anticipated—as a result of the municipal, not the parliamentary, elections—seemed at first an indication that, like its predecessors, it would prove premature and futile. Such was not in fact to be the case; but King Alfonso's refusal to abdicate, combined with his decision to avert civil war by going abroad, suggests that he personally does not despair of a restoration at a later date.

One aspect of the troubles in Spain seems to have been so far ignored—the possibility of repercussions in Portugal, where General Carmona appears now to have re-established his position, which was seriously threatened recently. It remains, of course, to be seen how far the Spanish Republic can maintain order within its own territory, but if its more enthusiastic supporters attempt to foment trouble across the frontier, a very critical situation will arise.

In that case, Great Britain would be bound by treaty to go to the assistance of Portugal, just as she did, though in very different circumstances,

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in Canning's time. It would, indeed, be a Gilbertian situation in which a British Socialist Government found itself compelled to send troops to protect a military dictator against the attack of a neighbouring democracy. In any event, the disturbed condition of Spain is likely to have considerable influence upon Portuguese politics.

While at one end of Europe a king has lost his throne, at the other a king seems to be in a fair way to making himself absolute. I refer, of course, to Carol of Rumania, who appears bent on following the example of his Yugo-Slav brother-in-law. All of which seems to show not that we live in a revolutionary age, but rather that in every country people want a change and are prepared to try any form of government, provided that it is a novelty.

Parliament resumed this week, but home politics have been overshadowed by the grave events in Spain. At the Woolwich by-election a Labour candidate was returned by a reduced majority; there has been a dispute between Lord Beaverbrook's party of Norfolk Farmers and Mr. Neville Chamberlain as to whether the official concordat between Conservatives and Crusaders actually promised or merely contemplated a tax on food; and a certain amount of mild interest was evoked by the fear of the Liberals that they might, after all, have to vote against the Labour Government on unemployment on Thursday night.

A Liberal correspondent writes:—"Lord Grey spoke what I believe to be the mind of nearly all Liberals when he said that this would be the wrong moment for turning out the Government. We do not want such changes in Indian, foreign and fiscal policy as would probably result from a general election. Moreover, as Lord Grey pointed out, our chief quarrel with Labour is, or ought to be, about expenditure, and we should, therefore, give Mr. Snowden another chance of making good his vows of economy. The time for us to strike the decisive blow will come if he fails.

"Quite frankly, Lord Grey recognizes that economy is unpopular, but then, as he admits with equal frankness, our party has not much popularity to lose at present. If we are to be beaten here, there, and everywhere, we might as well be beaten in a battle for a cause in which we do believe. There would be no shame in such a defeat, and on the morrow we should be in a better position for recovery than if we had again been marched down Mr. Lloyd George's roads to ruin. Incidentally, Lord Grey seemed to be calling on us to support the Chancellor of the Exchequer against Mr. Lloyd George as much as against the Maxtons and the Mosleys."

Nobody, of course, would suspect Lord Grey of tactics—of which Sir John Simon declares the Liberal party to be dying—and no doubt there is something to be said for his point of view. But the country has a rough and ready way of dealing with this sort of argument. While it respects Lord Grey for his candour, the plain man will remark that in practice it means having the jam to-day and putting off the pill till to-morrow. One

would have thought that a party with no popularity to lose would have been ready to take the pill first.

As I forecast, the Government Bill for dealing with the Sunday film muddle leaves the main principle untouched, giving to individual local authorities the freedom to license Sunday opening or not as they please. This arrangement substantially perpetuates the existing system, but with one very important exception; hitherto a local authority permitting Sunday opening has been in the anomalous position of legalizing an illegality, while if the Sunday Performances Bill is passed Sunday opening becomes lawful. The terms of the measure do not represent the best way out, but on the basis of past experience the solution seems to have the merit of being workable.

Apart from the criticism of the Sabbatarians, the measure is being criticized for not permitting the Sunday opening of theatres. The argument that this is unfair to the theatrical industry is logical enough, but will not bear investigation. Films have been publicly shown in England on Sundays virtually since the beginning of the cinema era, while Sunday theatrical performances are illegal unless given by a producing society that can comply with the simple legal formalities which give it a "private" status.

In the meantime, the film censorship muddle has now entered a new phase. Pictures are licensed either for universal or adult exhibition, and in the latter event a film receives the "A" certificate, which indicates that it may not be shown to a person under "or apparently under" the age of sixteen. But it may be shown to such young persons if they are accompanied by an adult, who could, within the meaning of the Act, be a youth of seventeen. The Liverpool Quarter Sessions has just taken the view that the local justices are entitled to prohibit children from seeing an "A" film even in the company of "adults." Since a picture that it is considered undesirable to show to children undergoes no transformation when seen in the company of older people, the decision has the merit of logic.

The magnificent flight of Mr. C. W. A. Scott from England to Australia in ten days, following as it does on Commander Kidston's feat in reaching South Africa in less than a week, is eloquent of the steady progress that is being made in air transport. It is true that both men arrived exhausted from lack of sleep, and that neither would perform the feat again for any sum of money; both taxed human endurance to its limits. But both came through.

As to the point of endurance and the commercial practicability of these flights, it is relevant to the issue that a relay system would cover the ground as quickly; and, bar accidents, the factor of exhaustion would be ruled out. It may be that, even so, the cost would be excessive—though it has not proved so for light perishable goods in Europe—but the saving of time on the present leisurely trip by sea to Australia is prodigious.

It is amusing to hear Mr. Morrison, the Labour Minister of Transport, rebuking Sir Oswald Mosley for his aristocratic outlook. Such things, it appears, are not to be tolerated in the Socialist ranks: "Whether the recruit be duchess or charwoman, duke or dustman, baronet or skilled mechanic, the new recruit must come in as an ordinary member of the party with no prescriptive rights to pre-eminence in the counsels of the party."

In an ideal world, no doubt, it would be so, but the Labour Party does not, in fact, work on those lines. In those equalitarian ranks Tom, Dick and Harry do the work, but the Russells, Trevellyans, De La Warrs, Buxtons and Mosleys get the jobs. They may come in as ordinary members, but they seem to have a prescriptive right to sit in the stalls, not the pit.

Far be it from me to condemn this aristocratic outlook on life; at least it gives a man independence of character, which many of us find preferable to the absurd airs and graces and vanities of those who have risen from nothing to high office by the sweat of their brow (or more probably by the sound of their voice). But in the sacred name of candour, do not let us pretend that the duke and the dustman are regarded as quite the same clay by a Labour Prime Minister in Downing Street.

It is difficult to understand the vigour of the protests used against a revision of the Thirty-nine Articles at the meeting of the Oxford Conference of Evangelical Churches this week. After all, verbal subscription has not been required for many a long year, merely a general assent, and that in itself seems to argue that the Articles as they stand have to be taken liberally rather than literally.

On another point, the Evangelicals have put it on record that they would prefer to co-operate with Nonconformists at home rather than with the Orthodox Church in the East. This is, of course, in direct opposition to the view which prevailed last year at Lambeth and among a powerful section of the higher Anglican clergy. But outside definitely ecclesiastical circles, I have noted little enthusiasm for the latter policy, whereas the former has, one fancies, a certain amount of popular goodwill.

The situation in Australia develops along Gilbertian lines. Mr. Scullin issues a writ against Mr. Lang's Government to recover money paid to British investors on New South Wales's account and a day or two later the Scullin Government escapes defeat, with a majority of two, thanks to the rally to its support of several of Mr. Lang's followers. Mr. Lang, in a pillar-to-post effort in Melbourne to justify his anti-debt policy, scored one point which the Imperial Government will note with interest. Australia, he said, had not repudiated but had been repudiated by Great Britain, which bought wheat from the country that has repudiated all debts while leaving Australia's wheat on its hands. That is really a home thrust. Mr. Thomas has made the retort courteous by

announcing that the British Government will consent to the postponement of the annuities payable by Australia to this country for two years.

The Eisner theory of Christ, which has recently made some noise in Germany, is now available in an English translation, but the first reactions of the critics and clergy seem not to be very favourable. This is, of course, a field for specialists, but there comes a point in these matters where common-sense also has its say, and there seems something in the point that the theory is not merely improbable in itself, but that it deals too carelessly and arbitrarily with all the available authorities.

It is possible, of course, that Jesus Christ was a twin. But in that case many people would have known of the fact, which is not easily concealed or suppressed (and which would incidentally have made the later doctrine of the Virgin Birth impossible). It is even conceivable that the absence of any reference to the existence of this twin in the gospels—where the brothers of Jesus are mentioned—is not conclusive. Negative evidence from its nature hardly ever is.

But it is straining improbability to an extreme when we are asked to believe that this anonymous twin appeared at the Resurrection, was then substituted for the dead body in the Sepulchre, and was accepted by the disciples in good faith as the companion and leader whom they had followed for years up and down Palestine. There are difficulties and contradictions, of course, in the post-Resurrection appearances, and candid theologians frankly admit them. But they seem to be aggravated rather than solved by this hypothesis of Dr. Eisner.

A sailor sends me a complaint which seems to me worth ventilating. He, like most other merchantmen at sea, listens in to the news sent out every day from Rugby; and while there is no suggestion of looking a gift-horse in the mouth, he says quite frankly that the news could be better chosen.

My correspondent makes the point that when you are far away in the South Atlantic or South Pacific the details of our personal political squabbles lose some of their native charm. And he remarks plaintively that extracts from speeches saying what Mr. MacDonald thinks of Mr. Baldwin, or what Mr. Baldwin thinks of Lord Beaverbrook, are not specially relevant in high latitudes two thousand miles from land.

These things, it appears, are listened to as patiently as may be for the simple reason that if they are cut out, the wireless operator may miss the football results, with the result that the firemen may have to wait six months to know whether Everton beat Aston Villa—a distressing and, indeed, disastrous prospect. My sailor friend suggests that the authorities should give more general news, more sport and less politics. I confess that his attitude seems reasonable.

THE SPANISH REVOLUTION

WE sincerely deplore the progress of events in Spain, and that not only from the wider European point of view, but also from the conviction that the overthrow of the monarchy would in the end be detrimental to Spanish interests themselves. The form of government that Spain adopts is, of course, her own affair, always provided that international obligations are honoured, and whether the regime which she chooses be monarchical or republican, she can count upon British goodwill; but in the present instance it is difficult to believe that the change is final, and if that is so, then the events of the last few days may well mark, not the dawn of liberty, but the beginning of a period of instability which must inevitably put Spain back many years. Signor Mussolini has more than once declared that the future of the world lies between Bolshevism and Fascism—it may easily be that that contest will be fought out in the Peninsula, to the loss and suffering of Spain.

In many ways the latest Spanish revolution is a thing apart, and it carries the mind back to 1848. In spite of an external appearance of modernity Spain is still a long way behind her neighbours. Provincial differences and jealousies still exist in the Peninsula to an extent unknown even in Italy and Germany; and where else in Europe do men still sing the 'Marseillaise' as the hymn of revolution, or orators raise a crowd to frenzy by invoking the principles of 1789? It is all very well for the rulers in the new Republic to deride the fallen regime as an anachronism, but they themselves are out of date. The cold truth is that the troubles of Spain, as of the rest of the world to-day, are not constitutional, but economic, and no one will be bettered by the application of political remedies. The first problem that will face Señor Zamora and his colleagues will be the depreciation of the peseta, and the maxims of Rousseau will not help them there. The people of Spain will not be long in finding that politics and politicians are of little avail against the effects of the universal economic depression from which they are suffering.

The causes of the present crisis are clear, though they are not receiving the prominence they deserve. General Primo de Rivera rescued Spain when she was on the very edge of the Communist abyss, but he and King Alfonso made two mistakes, for which the latter is now paying the penalty. In the first place they never threw the cloak of legality over the dictatorship by securing, as they could easily have done at the time, the ratification of its inauguration by the Cortes, and they never interested enough people in its preservation. The consequence was that when the general situation had improved a little, the Spaniard turned against Primo de Rivera as he had turned against Alberoni in the past. In Italy and Russia youth is on the side of the dictatorship, but in Spain it is still permeated with Liberalism, and since the fall of Primo it has become anti-monarchical as well. The failure to secure constitutional sanction for what happened in September, 1923, would not of itself have cost the King his throne, though it is

worth noting that even an autocrat like Signor Mussolini has always observed the forms of the Constitution, but when he was also unable to rally the younger generation to his support the end was at hand. The lesson is one that certain of our own statesmen would do well to take to heart.

Of the future it is more difficult to speak, but there is little about the new Republic that is encouraging. Its leaders have yet to prove themselves more than mere orators, and if they are to make their regime a success, they must convert the majority of the nation, of which, when all is said and done, a large proportion still voted monarchist last Sunday. Already there are signs of that difference of opinion whether Spain is to be a unitary or a federal State, which wrecked the First Republic, and, while an independent republic has already been proclaimed in Catalonia, the red hand of Bolshevism is being raised in its capital, Barcelona. He would, indeed, be a bold prophet who would declare that King Alfonso, or one of his sons, will never go back to Spain. Three times in the past has the House of Bourbon ceased to reign in Madrid, and on each occasion it has returned amid the cheers of those who, but a few months before, were its bitterest foes. For our own part, we should not be surprised if, after an interval of chaos, Spain were to follow the path of Italy. An organization, modelled on the Fascist militia, has already been created, and if Spain can find her Mussolini, the future political evolution of the two Latin nations may well run on parallel lines.

There is, at the present time, so much inflammable material lying about Europe that a blaze in any one country cannot but be regarded with the gravest apprehension, and when it is Spain that is in flames the alarm is the more justified. The last Spanish revolution was the cause of the Franco-German War, another led to a French invasion of Spain and so to Canning's calling in the New World to redress the balance of the Old, while on yet other occasions there have been extensive European complications. Any weakening of Spanish control in Morocco, too, would certainly be followed by a rising there that would spread into the French Zone as before, while a prolonged period of financial stringency might induce the Republican Government to sell the remaining Spanish colonies to France—which has an option on them—and this could hardly fail to induce other Powers to advance a claim for compensation. It is, indeed, difficult to believe that the progress of events in the Peninsula will not make the international situation even more strained than it is at present, and for this reason, if for no other, we deplore the revolution which has just succeeded in Madrid.

To the Spanish Royal Family the British nation will offer a warm welcome on taking up what, for its own sake, we trust will prove but a temporary residence in this country. King Alfonso's work on behalf of the British prisoners in the war is not forgotten, and it entitles him to the highest esteem on the part of our fellow-countrymen. For the rest, we can only hope that his successors in the government of Spain will display his moderation and patriotism.

THE NEW ECONOMIC PROBLEM

M R. MONTAGU NORMAN, the Governor of the Bank of England, is understood to be about to present to the Bank for International Settlements in Basle a comprehensive plan which, in the words of the *Manchester Guardian*, aims at "the conscious direction of money available for investment towards those borrowers whose relief and rehabilitation are an agreed object of policy." The borrowers, it seems, are to be assured against embarrassment or worse, while the lenders are to obtain "the completest guarantees of the probable solvency of the borrowers"—who are particularized as being Australia, Argentina, Brazil, Germany, Poland, Rumania and other States. Speaking for ourselves, we must confess that the scheme as stated sounds rather Utopian, and while some of the countries mentioned will inspire every confidence in the investor, there are others on the list which no prudent man with a care for his money would touch with a barge pole.

Be that as it may, the scheme deserves examination, in view of the novel position of the economic world to-day. For the first time, perhaps, in human history, the catch-phrase about starvation in the midst of plenty has ceased to be an exaggeration. If millions of people on both sides of the Atlantic are not starving to-day, that is only because charity, public or private, has come to their rescue. But they are not in danger of starving for lack of food, nor of shivering for lack of clothes, nor are they without comforts because the shops are empty. A world which only twelve years ago was kept alive by ration cards is now unable to consume what it produces. Then Food Controllers were appointed to make the insufficient supplies go round. To-day, not even the Dictators whom the emergency has thrown up can clear the congested channels of distribution.

The situation is monstrously paradoxical. Not so many years ago a question about the possibility of general over-production was a favourite with examiners in elementary economics. The pupil who wanted to be sure of good marks explained that those who found themselves engaged in an overcrowded line of production would seek more profitable outlets for their energies elsewhere, and would assuredly find them because the variety of human desires was infinite. Nevertheless, events have contradicted the examiner's theory. There is over-production to-day, not indeed of everything, but certainly of all those things which are in universal demand. What is even more alarming is that the remedy threatens to aggravate the disease. For the peculiar feature of the economic distress rampant to-day is that it occurs not so much because the consumer cannot afford to buy as because the producer cannot afford to sell. The producer is endeavouring to make his market accessible again by effecting those economies which, according to modern theories, only large-scale production can make possible, so that the flood of goods increases at the very time when the market is threatening to be narrowed still further because apprehension for the future is leading to a large-scale contraction of possible consumers through the general practice of birth control.

The supreme illustration of the paradox is to be found in Britain. There is really no doubt that we have become a poor country and that the wealth of Victorian times has gone as lightly as it came. Nevertheless, the standard of life has never been so high as now, and the fact that unskilled labour has on the whole maintained the new level of wages which it reached during the war, shows that it is not yet falling. Indeed, the increase in the number of places of amusement suggests that it is still rising. How comes it that we, with close on a quarter of our working population unemployed, can live as well as ever? The answer is that food and raw materials cost less. What ten men's labour bought before the war can be bought by the product of seven men's labour now, and the odd three men twiddle their thumbs outside employment exchanges.

There is, indeed, a school of thinkers which holds that the present disequilibrium is due solely to monetary reasons. If there were more money to go round, they argue, prices would rise. Unfortunately the world's two chief creditor countries, America and France, elect to be paid in gold instead of in goods or services, with the result that a high percentage of the world's gold is finding its way into the vaults of banks which have not acquired the knack of putting it into circulation again. The facts give obvious support to this view and we would therefore point out that if there is not sufficient gold available for exchange purposes, there is a *prima facie* case for making use of the only alternative medium of exchange, namely, silver. Bimetallism is the most controversial of non-theological subjects, and we have no desire to draw the professorial lightnings. But we may observe that the situation is no longer what it was in the days when Mr. William Jennings Bryan made bankers' hair stand on end. The difficulty then was that all the silver in the world would, as it were, try to force the doors of a country which gave it an artificial value. Nowadays, however, when we have established an international bank, we can at least conceive of an international mint with the sole right of striking an international silver currency bearing the same ratio to gold everywhere throughout the planet. The point is at least worth considering in a country which, in virtue of its Indian and Chinese trade, is more interested than any other in the stability of the silver exchange.

What vitiates the monetary theory, however, as a final explanation, is that the fall in prices has not been equal all round. The times are out of joint because the old equilibrium between food and raw materials on the one hand and finished goods on the other has been destroyed. We are, in fact, witnessing an agricultural revolution which is more universal and therefore more destructive of the established price system than the industrial revolution of a century and a quarter ago. No doubt the war provided the stimulus. Because men wanted to get the most out of the soil, they brought all the resources of science to bear on agricultural problems. The need has passed but

the results remain. Modern technicological methods have invaded the fields, with the result that modes of cultivation which have endured since man ceased to be nomadic are now swiftly disappearing.

Let us give one significant example. It is many years since the Dutch established a sugar research station in Java. The seeds of advance were sown long before the sugar famine just after the war quickened their growth. Then, on a sudden, Java produced a new cane—the famous P.O.J. 2878—with a sugar content greater by at least 25 per cent. And what has happened in the cane fields has been happening, though less swiftly, and therefore, less strikingly, on the wheat fields elsewhere.

The nineteenth century somehow dealt with the conditions created by the machine in the factories; our century must deal with the conditions

created by the machine, or the machine's equivalent, in the fields. So far the problem has been faced by no country except Russia, whose rulers insist that a backward people can be brought to the top of the tree by the ruthless discipline of a Five Year Plan, and that a workers' paradise will then be made actual. Heaven is not so quickly realized upon earth, but of two things at least we may be certain. First, the food *will* get to the craftsmen and the goods *will* get to the peasants, and if the present distributive system prevents the exchange, so much the worse for the system. Secondly, the time is coming when science will really lighten toil. Within living memory the eight-hour day was an aspiration. To-morrow's equilibrium may involve a six-hour day; and what will civilization do then with a proletariat which, for the first time, will have leisure to formulate its own ideals?

THE ABSURDITY OF POLICEWOMEN

By A. A. B.

LADY ASTOR wrote to a morning paper to express her delight that the Home Secretary intends shortly to increase the number of policewomen employed in outdoor duties in the Metropolitan area. To female warders, of course, there is nothing but praise to be paid; they are kindly and efficient, and for such duties as searching female prisoners, indispensable. But when it comes to patrolling the streets, may I, as one of the male minority, ask in all humbleness, what the female police are doing there? The police, like the army, stands for that physical force on which in the ultimate resort all human governments rely. The police defends our lives and properties with truncheons, handcuffs and strong fists and wrists against domestic enemies. The army defends our hearths and homes with bayonets and many kinds of guns against foreign enemies. Occasionally, but rarely, the domestic enemies, the disturbers of our peace and security, the strikers, rioters, burglars, murderers, and the like, prove themselves too strong for our police force, which is the only unarmed one, I believe, in the world, and then the civil authorities are obliged to send for the soldiers to help. There was a discussion the other day in the House of Commons as to whether it should be permissible ever to call in the military to aid the civil arm in cases of riot, and some members of the left maintained that soldiers should never be employed against citizens in defence of property and life. The speeches of some of the Socialists gave us a glimpse of what a nice safe place London would be with a Home Secretary appointed by the left wing of the Socialist Party. But that's another story.

The point of the discussion is the amount of physical force necessary to compel obedience to the law and to protect law-abiding citizens. Where does the policewoman come into the argument? In the event of a real scrap she would be the first to demand the protection of the policeman. I remember the riots in Trafalgar Square in the winter of 1886. They had gone on—the riots I mean—for several Sundays in succession, and the police were worn out, exasperated, beaten to a frazzle. They were reduced to arresting, with pardonable brutality, Messrs. Cunninghame Graham and John Burns. At last it was decided to call out the Household troops, and the Life Guards rode round the square. The effect was magical. Not only did the rioting cease, but the mob cheered the soldiers. It was the spontaneous tribute to superior physical force, the willing acknowledgment of the power of the

strong male—silent, disciplined, and irresistible. What would Constable Annie Jones have done *dans cette galère*? She would have been carried out fainting in the arms of two of the despised men in blue.

A policewoman is, in short, a contradiction in terms. Some years ago a young friend of mine was walking up Shaftesbury Avenue in the evening. He was tapped on the shoulder by a policewoman, who said, "I see you are following that young woman in front of you. Let me warn you that she is infected with venereal disease." My friend, a youthful poet and civil servant, thanked the she officer gravely, but assured her he was not following that or any other woman. This story is literally true. And what a dangerous absurdity it reveals! The policewoman might have been mistaken, and the young man might have run after the accused woman and told her: and then what a kettle of fish!

It appears to me that Lady Astor and the modern Home Secretary want to put upon the streets and in the parks a number of women, "dressed in a little brief authority," who are to combine the functions of a hospital nurse, a district visitor, and the vigilance officer of some purity or morality league for the suppression of vice. Now, hospital nurses, district visitors, and emissaries of societies for the suppression of vice, are very proper and useful persons in their proper place, and paid by the right people. I object to these amateur guardians of morality being made members of "the force" of which we are all so justly proud, and which is indeed the envy and admiration of the world. Street preachers and revivalist missionaries, and Salvation Army lasses, I admire and respect as much as anybody, though I have never come within reach of their good works. If Lady Astor wishes to start a new movement for the rescue of fallen women, I might even send her a small subscription, unless Mr. Snowden raises my income-tax. But in the name of common sense and decency, to say nothing of economy, I protest against the public support of this amiable but useless absurdity, the she-policeman. It would be far better to spend the money in buying motor-cycles for the new road-police, who at least will assist in preventing the destruction of life. Yesterday I saw in Hyde Park a policewoman in the new uniform, tunic cut low at the neck, open soft silk collar, and natty black sailor's knot. The costume was quite arrestingly smart, but hardly the kit in which to tackle a rough house in Borough High Street or Ratcliff Highway.

AIR TRAVEL AND THE WEATHER

BY SIR NAPIER SHAW

METEOROLOGY, which in Aristotle's exposition included the study of everything in the world around us and above us, and is now limited to the study of the atmosphere, owes its modern development to the requirements of the navigation of the sea with the perils arising from winds and fogs.

The official study of the winds and weather of the oceans was inaugurated by an international conference at Brussels in 1853, promoted by Lieut. M. F. Maury of the U.S. Navy. The information collected is represented in charts of winds and currents for all the oceans traversed in commerce and is summarized in Admiralty *Pilots* and *Sailing Directions*. To a certain extent with the mechanization of ships, winds have lost their importance, but fogs have added to their terrors. The more confidently a navigator is able to scoff at the impotence of the modern wind compared with the bulk and horse-power of his ship, the less is he likely to use similar language about the new meteorological element "visibility."

A more striking feature of modern meteorology is the daily weather map with its forecasts and warnings of gales or fogs. That also owes its development to the need of navigators to be forewarned of weather-changes. A map was shown to be possible with the aid of electric telegraph in the early 'fifties of last century and was adopted as a national enterprise in Western Europe under the urge of disasters to shipping of the allied fleets in the Crimean war and the wreck of the Royal Charter on the coast of Anglesey in the storm of October 25, 1859.

So began the daily issue of a map of the weather over a large area at a selected epoch, with forecasts of weather and gale-warnings, which after a period of intermission was finally established in 1879 and has continued ever since with gradual amplification. And now, with the assistance of wireless telegraphy added to that of the electric telegraph, the Meteorological Office issues each day a printed map of the winds and weather of the northern half of the hemisphere from Alaska all round to the east coast of Asiatic Russia with Spitsbergen as its most northern point, to report for public use observations of weather within a few hours of their being made. Wireless telegraphy makes it possible to contemplate a daily chart of the weather of the whole round world begun and completed while the sun is running a very small part of his daily course.

The navigation of the sea which prompted all this exploration of the dynamic condition of the air is related to the surface; surface-winds and surface-cloud were the features of the atmosphere which counted as important in the eighty years that have passed since weather-mapping on an international basis became possible. And now the navigation of the air has taken the lead in the demand made upon the meteorological services and again the demand is made urgent by disaster. The Meopham disaster of July 21, 1930, when a large passenger aeroplane fell to pieces in the clouds, and the disaster of R101, when the best-found airship in the world ran aground at Beauvais, are recent echoes of the losses of the Royal Charter and the Black Sea fleet.

The problem remains the same, but has somewhat different aspects.

It is the same atmosphere with which we have to reckon and the motion of the atmosphere is wind; but for the navigation of the air all three dimensions, height as well as distance, have to be taken into account. For the navigation of the sea outside the limits of a tornado, where no structure is strong enough, we do not make much error in counting the motion of the air as horizontal and in trusting to the measure of the horizontal movement that an anemometer records; but for air-

craft we may be warned by the story told by an anemometer on the rock of Gibraltar at one time mounted on the edge of the steep cliff facing east. In a strong east wind it would repeatedly take its pen to zero because the air was flowing upwards past it. And in the free air motion upwards or sometimes downwards may be quite as vigorous as motion forewards.

And with visibility the mariner is not much concerned about clouds which are not actually on the surface, but the airman may need to know something about their life-history and their relation to the currents in which his machine moves.

It may truly be said that the conditions at the surface are a part of the general atmospheric circulation and the comprehension of the part necessitates a knowledge of the whole, so that for its own sake meteorology will include the whole atmosphere in its scheme. But that is only to say that aeronautics and meteorology are interested in the whole atmosphere and can wisely co-operate, with the great advantage that what may ultimately be for the advancement of science is immediately and directly for the benefit of the air-traveller.

What then are the means available for the airman's information? First the background of co-ordinated meteorological experience which sets out the normal conditions of wind and weather in any part of the world to be crossed in air-travel, and secondly the statement of the conditions along the line of route at the time of starting and the prospective changes during the journey.

Both these sections are served by the same series of routine observations from stations maintained by governments or by private enterprise in all parts of the world. Stations may be assimilated to two orders in the international classification; those of the second order have an equipment of instruments read by eye regularly at fixed hours two or three times, in some cases four times, a day—barometer and its changes, thermometers and rain-gauges, with personal observations of weather, winds, clouds, their form and motion—according to an organized scheme with a code for telegraphic transmission. A station of the first order supplements these observations by continuous records of wind, pressure, temperature, humidity and sunshine. These belong to ordinary meteorological routine.

There are, besides, for the use of aircraft, daily or occasional observations of pilot-balloons, small balloons which go steadily upwards and are watched through a telescope with graduated circles. Thereby the observer gets the line of the balloon's travel and thence the winds at different levels in the upper air of the region of the station.

To these are added for ulterior scientific purposes observations of temperature, pressure and humidity recorded on instruments carried by kite or captive-balloon or free balloons called "sounding balloons" travelling "on their own," adjusted to lose their lifting power at great heights, six to ten miles, and come back to earth with the offer of a reward to the finder for the return of the instrument. By these the thermal or thermodynamic structure of the atmosphere is identified.

Let us take in turn the two aspects of the enterprise, the accumulated wisdom of past experience and the monitions of present circumstances. Let us concentrate our attention for the moment upon a wind-record obtained from a modern anemometer of British design, in use for more than thirty years but only recently estimated at the true value of its message to airmen.

It records the speed of the wind blowing upon the opening of a tube which turns always to face the wind. It records gusts as well as the more general features of the wind. Its indication may range in the course of

a year from calm through a general average of ten to twenty miles per hour up to occasional gales of forty to fifty miles per hour, with gusts that may reach exceptionally 100 miles per hour in an exposed situation. Running through the whole course will be rapid fluctuations, ten or twenty in a minute, which we call gustiness and attribute to the natural turbulence of the motion of the flow caused by roughness of the ground in the air's path.

Then from time to time we find records of squalls, sudden increases of wind which last half an hour or so, die away and then recur. We think of them as eddies, or an airman may call them bumps. And besides these minor features are steady periods of strong wind with surges of increasing velocity up to gale force or beyond, lasting half a day or more and possibly also recurring. These we attribute to cyclonic depressions which with some exceptions pass from west to east, or south-west to north-east, and figure so frequently in broadcast forecast. They form a large part of the life-history of the weather of western and northern Europe and the Mediterranean, and of the United States and Canada.

Pulsating through all these incidents is a daily ebb and flow of the force of the wind near the surface, strength in the day, weakness at night, disturbed by depressions, but always reasserting itself as part of the turbulent reaction between the ground and the upper air.

It is the task of the meteorologist to bring these characteristic records of the wind into comparison with the simultaneous records of the barometer and the distribution of pressure over the map, the records of temperature, of humidity and of rainfall, and all the other available information about the clouds and weather, and thereby to make out a general plan of the normal circulation over the face of the globe and the changes to which it is liable in various parts of the world, the phases of passing disturbances and the conditions under which they occur.

It is a drama of astonishing and perplexing variety, always alluring, sometimes depressing, sometimes thrilling, never without interest for the seaman, the airman, or the husbandman. Starting with the tropical cyclone of prodigious destructiveness, here are some of the *dramatis personæ* (mostly indicated by the shapes of isobars, lines of equal pressure, on a map) which we have space only to name: cyclonic depression, secondary, V-shaped depression, centre of depression, trough, anticyclone with its own centre, ridge, trough-line, squall, tornado, polar air, cold front, secondary cold front, equatorial air, warm front, discontinuity.

The last six mentioned belong to a new meteorological language brought into the science since the war by Norwegian meteorologists under the leadership of V. Bjerknes and J. Bjerknes, father and son.

The new language introduces a new method of dealing with cyclonic depressions. From the organization of the scheme of weather-forecasts in 1879 cyclonic depressions were regarded as vast masses of air some millions of millions of tons, circulating round centres within a line of approximately normal pressure enclosing an area of hundreds of thousands of square miles. The centres were tracked across the map and certain types of weather, winds with rain or squalls or showers or fine clearing weather, attributed to different parts of the area within the boundary line. The Norwegians divide the air within the boundary into two different kinds, cold polar air supplied from north or north-east, and warm equatorial air from lower latitudes in juxtaposition and reacting one upon the other with the ultimate victory of the cold front.

It is of these things that the meteorologist has to keep the airman informed. Let us consider the mode of procedure for Europe and the eastern Atlantic. An office in each country collects the information daily about the state of the weather and notes it upon maps, four times within the twenty-four hours, 1 p.m., 6 p.m.,

1 a.m. and 7 a.m. The material collected by each office is exchanged by wireless. Some hundred and fifty stations and ships in Europe, North Africa, the Atlantic and its islands, Iceland and Greenland, send regular information for the principal map of the day at 7 a.m., the rest are less fully supplied. Some dozen ships at sea contribute their quota. Altogether there are some 7,000 facts about the weather of the twenty-four hours plotted on the maps within an hour of the time when the observers last read their instruments. The map of the hemisphere already mentioned includes supplementary information from the United States, Canada and Siberia.

With these maps in mind the meteorologist in charge forms a mental picture of the dramatic personæ on the atmospheric stage and of the probable development of the drama, and reports his opinion to airmen who require the information.

For quite short periods the actual situation is sufficient and an airman can be guided from Croydon to Le Bourget much in the same way as an express is signalled from London to Dover. But for longer flights the behaviour of the depressions, their fronts and secondaries, and the visibility have to be anticipated and expressed in the conventional language of the forecasts. The process requires a special knowledge of the peculiarities of the districts to be traversed, the Channel, the Continent, the Mediterranean, Egypt and the Levant, Iraq and so on.

For an aeroplane which depends upon its propeller for its elevation as well as for its speed this covers the ordinary necessities of the situation. Vertical components of the wind-speed will be recognized as bumpiness and as a rule can be negotiated by the pilot from his own experience of similar situations; but special occasions of more violent squalls or eddies have still to be brought under investigation, as the sudden impact of a change in the vertical component of the wind, attributable to a strong local eddy or to local convection of air in which water-vapour is in process of condensation, may put a strain upon the structure of an aeroplane which is beyond its strength.

These sudden changes in the vertical component are as dangerous for an airship as for an aeroplane, or even more so because the dimensions of the disturbances which may be much greater than an aeroplane may be much less than the dimensions of an airship, and the stresses in different parts of a huge structure that would fill half the length of Piccadilly put strains upon it which it cannot stand. And an airship differs from an aeroplane in respect of the fact that whereas the aeroplane is like a bird and must always depend upon its horsepower and its steering-gear for its elevation, an airship is like a fish; its weight—the force of gravity upon it—is balanced by the buoyancy of the air which it displaces.

Hence the structure of the atmosphere, the way in which the temperature and pressure of the air vary in the vertical, are of vital importance for an airship. A ship which will float comfortably in a layer of surface air will not float in a layer of the upper air which is "potentially" warmer than the surface air. The difference between potential warmth and the reading on a thermometer is for airships a matter of primary importance. It arises from the automatic variation of the temperature of air with change of pressure, increase of temperature, with increase of pressure, cooling with relaxation of pressure.

Any marked change of this kind in the structure of the atmosphere lays an embargo on the travel of an airship. If there is a layer of air above it warmer potentially in a marked degree, the airship in fair trim will be unable to penetrate it unless it lightens its load and its motion will be subject to that disability.

The Norwegian meteorologists have drawn attention to the existence of a "discontinuity" between the surface-air of the cold front and the equatorial air above it. In this they have followed the reasoning of von

Helmholtz, who suggested a surface of discontinuity, not horizontal but inclined upwards from the surface in the region of depressions, northward, at a slope of about one in a hundred.

Any airship going south from a British depot might expect to come into touch with this discontinuity and be guided by it. It would be indicated at the surface by marked and sudden increase of temperature in a southward journey.

It seems possible that R101 on its journey south may have found the discontinuity in the early morning of October 5. It would have to be reckoned with somewhere between Croydon and the Mediterranean. Other causes have been assigned for that disaster, but other airships travelling southward in the winter half-year might think it well to bear the peculiarity of atmospheric structure in mind.

Now that the navigation of the air is the personal concern of a large and rapidly increasing number of travellers, and gliding has been added to the forms of navigation which require a detailed knowledge of the possibilities of atmospheric structure, it is remarkable that our universities do not take their part in advancing and diffusing the knowledge which is essential for the successful development of these enterprises. Since meteorologists introduced the weather-map the study of meteorology has been omitted from the curriculum with the explanation that there was no prospect of an interested class of student. But that explanation no longer holds and the intercourse between a professor and his class offers opportunities for the advancement of natural knowledge which is not otherwise obtainable.

THE FUTURE OF GERMANY

BY ROBERT WEISSMANN

(State Secretary of the Prussian Reich)

THE present constitutional structure of the German Empire can only be fully understood by a short survey of its historical evolution during a period of more than one thousand years, beginning with Charlemagne. The "Holy Roman Empire of German Nationality" was ruled by the German Emperors who were first elected. Their power was supported by mighty landlords obliged to supply military aid. The Emperors reciprocated by shielding these lords, upon whom they bestowed feudal estates and districts. It is understandable that these feudal barons strove for the protection and increase of their property, gradually establishing feudal power by the aid of allotments, inheritance, marriage and conquest.

This electoral system was followed by an hereditary Empire under the rule of the Hapsburgs, while the individual lords and princes tended more and more to emancipate themselves from imperial supremacy. This was achieved with particular success by the Hohenzollern family to whom the feud of Brandenburg was in 1415 allotted by the Emperor. The Markgraves, later on Electors of Brandenburg, became in 1701 kings of Prussia, the sovereign territories of the Order of the Teutonic Knights situated in Eastern Prussia being owned by the Electors of Brandenburg who were heirs and successors to the last Grandmaster of the Order; these territories were with the Emperor's consent raised to the rank of a kingdom.

The name Prussia covered all the territories under the Hohenzollern rule. In the eighteenth century the various members of the Empire made mighty efforts to evolve into sovereign states, among which Prussia (ruled over by the highly gifted Frederick the Great) was foremost. Imperial power now became a mere shadow, being politically limited to the dynasty's influence in Austria. Under the pressure of events

during the Napoleonic epoch, the Empire was in 1806 voluntarily liquidated, and the sovereignty of the individual states—existing since a long time *de facto*—became also a legal reality.

Previously to Napoleon's times the Empire was composed of more than 300 individual states. At the close of that epoch only 36 were left; but fragments of their territories, scattered all over the Empire, show the accidental nature of their origin. Austria retired from the German "Bund," and Prussia, guided by Bismarck, became the supreme leader, founding after the victorious end of the German-French war in 1871, the German Empire. In accordance with Bismarck's constitution, the King of Prussia was at the same time German Emperor, and the Reichskanzler was simultaneously Prussian Prime Minister, so that the political hegemony of Prussia was fully vouchsafed, and furthermore Prussia had in matters of decisive importance the right of veto.

The constitutional change in 1918 caused several small states to disappear, so that the present German Empire consists of 17 individual states. The privileges of these states, however, are restricted to such an extent by the constitution of Weimar that they are but mere administrative organizations with the stage accessories of a State (Ministries, Parliaments, etc.); in view of the above-mentioned origin of these administrative territories, they are most unsatisfactorily bounded. Prussia's supremacy in population and territorial extension is to-day the same as before the war; the constitution of Weimar, however, has abolished all prerogatives of former Prussia, partly even intentionally to the disadvantage of Prussia, in order to reduce her supremacy.

In principle all the states of the Reich were given equal rights, so Prussia, with 39 million inhabitants, was placed on the same footing as Schaumburg-Lippe, with less than 50,000 people. It is understandable that in reality such measures could only maintain their validity on paper; it is easy to conceive that the political and economical influence of a region that in itself constitutes three-fifths of the entire Reich—the remaining two-fifths being divided among 16 other states—could not be eliminated. During the 11 years that lapsed since the constitution of Weimar it became evident that relations between the Reich and the individual states were not arranged in a satisfactory way. If this matter did until now not cause any considerable difficulties it is due to the fact that the Reich and Prussia—knowing how unsatisfactory the constitutional arrangement is—are permanently doing the utmost to avoid friction. In the long run, however, it will become necessary to make constitutional stipulations in accordance with the requirements of political reality. For years this matter has been under discussion as "Reform of the Reich"; if until now no definite settlement was reached, it is because more urgent problems arose, such as the evacuation of the Rhineland, reparations, the question of the consolidation of European peace, and above all Germany's relations with France, all matters of international importance the settlement of which appeared more urgent than this problem of home policy.

Finance forms the connecting link between these problems of foreign and of home policy, and the course of development shows that the solution will come from that source. Already in 1919 the Prussian Parliament solemnly declared that Prussia's last aim is to be absorbed in a united Reich. Unfortunately the other states did not yet show such readiness.

But the great problem of the reform of the Reich will not remain unachieved. The question arises, which constitutional form is to follow, whether a more federal, granting the individual states greater freedom on the basis of Bismarck's constitution, or possibly a more unitarian form, aiming at centralization dictated by necessity, but allowing each state the greatest possible

self-government. A certain amount of difficulty is caused by the fact that the individualism of the federal form is so deeply rooted in the German character, and because the strong feeling of the Germans for their respective homes renders them reluctant to give up old traditions. It is certainly not accidental that other racially Teutonic countries, like Austria since 1918, and Switzerland since centuries, are federally organized.

In spite of the foregoing considerations it appears highly probable that the German Empire will not be reconstructed as a federal government, but that the problem will be solved in the sense of a single, united and decentralized Empire.

THE MIND DISEASED

ALTHOUGH, measured by curative power, applied medicine is still sadly ineffective, our new knowledge of human physiology has provided for the first time a solid and scientific basis on which a true art is beginning to be built. Does the new psychology of Janet, Freud and their followers afford an equally sound basis for the comprehension and treatment of mental disorder? Hitherto, psychiatric therapeutics cannot be said to have existed, our asylums and mental homes serving merely as detention hospitals for the segregation of individuals who could not, with safety to themselves and to their neighbours, be left at large. The treatment of the insane has been a question, not of curing or of helping towards recovery, but of ethics and social expediency.

Nor, so long as our knowledge of mental physiology remains so rudimentary as it was until a few years ago—and it is but a little less so to-day—could it be otherwise.

The ætiological and clinical details of mental disease are not comparable with those of most of the diseases discussed in the medical text books and "treated" by the ordinary doctor. Thus, in psychiatry, we find no specific causes that can be counted on to start a well-defined series of symptoms. When the body is invaded by a particular germ, like that associated with diphtheria or with malaria or with typhoid fever, the physiological reactions, though varying to some extent with the individual, are in each disease usually sufficiently alike to be readily attributed to the particular unseen "cause" responsible. There is no comparable degree of uniformity in the reactions of any group of the insane. This is perhaps not surprising when we remember that the reactions which characterize the ordinary diseases with which the physician deals take place below the level of consciousness. In mental diseases, on the other hand, the reactions are at the level of consciousness; and, accordingly, are greatly influenced, not only by inherent idiosyncrasy, but even more by the history and personal experience of the individual.

Most of the progress achieved in the art of medicine during the last century or two is attributable to the adoption of a physico-chemical conception of disease. Experiment and organized observation have been used to find explanations in terms of things and events recognizable by our five senses. But it is becoming increasingly evident that, even in the realm of physical disease, this conception and this method have their limitations. The inadequacy of a parallel explanation of mental disease is still more apparent, though many attempts have been made to build up a psychiatric pathology on this basis. It is theoretically possible that all mental happenings synchronize with changes in the physical brain—whereby the sensory impact of our environment establishes relation with our conscious selves; but it by no means follows that those changes are such as are objectively recognizable by the human eye—even when supplemented by all the

instruments of the optician. Mental unsoundness does occasionally result from crude injuries to the tissues of the brain, whether caused by physical forces from without or by poisons from within. But there remains an enormous proportion of our total insanity which cannot be thus accounted for. Even those temporary outbreaks of psychic unsoundness which we call epilepsy are unaccompanied by any structural changes in the brain distinguishable by our acutest pathologists; and it is usually impossible, by the examination of the brain, to decide whether its owner was a sane man or an insane man. It is, of course, conceivable that insanity, even though no changes can be detected in brain or nerve, may yet be marked by modifications of other structures of the body, or of their secretions. We know, for instance, how very intimate are the interrelations between our emotions and those as yet very little understood organs, the endocrine glands. It is they which respond in the first instance to such states as fear, anger, enthusiasm and joy. Their activities do not show themselves on the screen of our consciousness; but the results of these activities—that is, of the potent chemicals which they pour into the blood—are obvious in the furrowed brow, the facial pallor, the throbbing heart-beat, the taut muscle, and so on. It is some perversion of the emotions, some misuse or unnatural restraint of their expression, to which a very large number of cases of insanity—not traceable to accident or physical disease—are probably due.

It is well known that serious emotional disturbances are liable to bring about marked alterations of conduct; sometimes to provoke those extreme perversions which are regarded as manifestations of insanity. Our capacity for prompt adaptation to familiar demands depends very largely on the orderliness of what we may call our emotional associations; for memory is mainly, if not wholly, a function of the emotions, rather than of the intellect. It is the emotional aura of a thing or a person or an event which, recurring, revives the sensory and intellectual phenomena of the original association. It is because the explanation of mental perversion so commonly lies within the affective realm that the reasoning of acutely insane persons is often so logical and clear.

In the light of our present knowledge, we can no longer look upon the mind as an expression of the activities of the brain alone; rather is it one expression of the activities of the whole body. A sane mind, accordingly, is indicated by conduct, and not solely by intelligence. It is possible to have an excellent brain, and yet not to have the capacity to use it properly. So long as we look upon mind and body as dissociate things, or as but loosely related as master and servant, it is impossible either to form a clear idea of health or effectively to tackle the problem of adapting ourselves and our lives to the constantly varying circumstances that environ us. There is considerable danger in our habit of separating our activities into mental and physical, necessary though that separation is, on occasion, and for special purposes. But we altogether over-value those mere mental tricks with words, which are commonly confused with real thought. Few of us have, in fact, more than a very elementary capacity for abstract thinking; and when our minds get out of sight of our muscles we are all too apt to flounder in a confused medley of day-dreams and reality, between which we soon lose the power to distinguish. It takes a really sane mind safely to indulge much in day-dreaming or undirected wishful thinking. Healthy, active life involves constant self-adjustment; and the further our imagination travels from that to which we are accustomed, the more difficult does that adjustment become, and the more powerful and orderly must be the higher controlling faculties of the mind. Bode has compared the simple, virtually automatic adjustments which the individual

makes to customary and familiar variations of surroundings, to travellers in a railway train along definite, fixed lines; while the more difficult and more fully conscious adjustments made to meet unusual, hitherto unexperienced circumstance, real or imagined, "resemble rather the activities of a band of explorers, who hew their way through the forest, building roads and bridges as they advance." Social conventions of a prohibitive kind, which are opposed to normal instincts, and not in accord with the dictates of the individual conscience or intelligent judgment, have a most evil effect on the mental health of society. As Dr. Paton has pointed out, it is almost impossible for society to repress appetites without at the same time repressing ambitions and the development of creative ideas, upon which all real progress depends. Perversions, obsessions and dangerous phantasies are largely attributable to taboos which have long outlived whatever biological value they once possessed.

QUAERO

THE NEW MUSIC IN RETROSPECT

[FROM A MUSICAL CORRESPONDENT]

THE London concert season is nearly over. It has been full of interest, and, judging from the average size of audiences, it should have been prosperous. It certainly deserved to be.

The Symphony Concerts, besides including many of the hardy annuals, who still manage to survive in spite of their popularity, have produced a variety of new, modern, and unfamiliar old works from Haydn and Mozart to Bax and Bliss.

The discriminating listener must have been struck by the elastic widening and loosening of the form in many modern symphonies. The classical form is still used. Bax's Third Symphony is an outstanding modern example. But some of the other works loosely labelled 'Programme Symphonies' or 'Symphonic Poems' have little right to be called symphonies in the accepted sense of the word. For the sake of clarity a new name should be devised for these. They have developed from the classical form, but when Berlioz and others began to use subjects and figures, not to define the artistic form but to describe individuals, ideas and circumstances, the first step was taken towards an emancipation which is leading, and in some cases has already led, to a form of work as far removed in purpose and shape from the parent sonata stem as the leaf of the tree is from the trunk.

In the hands of inferior artists the programme is a crutch for lameness of musical power and inventiveness. But the Programme Symphony is also a loose name for something of much wider conception and material than the Symphony proper, and its chief characteristic, besides its dramatic significance, is the greater variety of means used to its particular end and especially the inclusion of spoken parts. Movements not known to the true sonata form are added and the treatment is quite different. And with the development of the modern orchestra, a great variety of instruments can be and are called upon. (Klaxon horns and sheets of metal have been used as well as the human voice solo and in every variety of combination.) To be successful with so large a canvas demands as much skill as the writing of the absolute music of a pure symphony: that is, of producing beauty and grandeur within self-imposed and prescribed limits, of finding "in music, and in music alone, a great world of ideas that are in themselves music and music alone."

Bliss's 'Morning Heroes' (given its first London performance recently at the Queen's Hall by the B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra and the National Chorus) is very far from the classical form which depends on musical

idiom alone, and on adherence to definite rules of procedure. Programme music demands verbal explanation, and it is a small step from instrumental programme music to the inclusion of spoken parts. The fight for supremacy between the musical and verbal idioms continues, though the strain is somewhat relieved. To combine them amicably requires a rare mastery of both.

'Morning Heroes' hangs on the drama of carefully selected poetry spoken by a narrator and sung by a chorus. The music provides the atmosphere and the spiritual meaning that will always be beyond the power of words and is the texture which binds the whole together. But it is not often in the foreground. It is the drama, the tragedy and grandeur and hysteria of war expressed in words that dominates. 'Morning Heroes' is a great work, but it is not a great symphony.

How far music in the true symphonic form can be forced to express concrete programmatic ideas is not yet fully determined. Slavish imitation is certainly not the way. It is easy, obvious, and has been done to excess by second-rate composers. Debussy has done it with supreme artistry (though not in the conventional symphonic form) by translating the verbal into the musical idiom, and Vaughan Williams also in his London and Sea Symphonies. (The latter, of course, contains a dominating choral part.) It cannot be done by imitation or by words alone, but the modern tendency seems to be to relieve the strain on one idiom by a judicious use of the other. Strauss's 'Domestic Symphony,' though clever, is much less happy. Like Honegger's orchestral sketches, and Converse's 'Flivver Ten Million,' the musical medium is strained without the descriptive relief of words. Lambert's 'Rio Grande,' and possibly Honegger's 'Judith,' is the kind of thing we may expect in future rather than further distortion of the symphonic form.

The solution may lie in a sympathetic agreement between spoken drama and music—a sort of stageless opera—towards which Bliss, Vaughan Williams ('Sea Symphony') Stravinsky, Constant Lambert and others seem to be feeling their way. And so the wheel may come round again to the predominance of the voice in music through the programme and choral symphony to some form not yet fully determined. The experiment is not new. Beethoven did it in the Ninth Symphony. Mahler has experimented with the chorus in varied combinations. His Third Symphony has an alto solo, a children's choir and a female chorus, his Fourth Symphony has a soprano solo, and his Eighth Symphony two mixed choruses, a choir of boys and seven soloists; but though he is definitely programmatic, he still keeps to the conventional form and overburdens it.

The modern tendency is to break away in search of a freer mode of expression beyond the limitations of the symphonic form which gives, in its own particular way, strength and beauty, but which is not suited to the full development of its interesting offspring, which is too heavy for it to carry. There is also now the desire to write either absolute music or definitely programme music. Stravinsky writes both, but he does not mix them. The cocktail symphony is going out of fashion, which is all to the good, but, though it is possible to develop the legitimate Symphony alongside the 'Programme Symphony,' the non-distinctive names 'Programme Symphony' or 'Symphonic Poem' may confuse and therefore impede the growth of the freer form. It would be better to name this type of work by its principal mood. Confusion of terms tends to lead to confusion of form, which is a sin and a pitfall in any medium of art.

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NEW ZEALAND HOMES

By H. A. YELDHAM

TWENTY years ago, when I read in English newspapers that a storm in New Zealand had destroyed many houses, and that some had been carried bodily to a new location, I gave more thought to the force of the gale than to the structure of the houses. As a matter of fact nine hundred of a thousand New Zealand houses are bungalows of wood fastened to piles by four-inch nails, with one or two chimneys of brick or concrete as the only solid and non-inflammable part of the structure. It is true that most comfortable and artistic homes are made of wood, and the Kauri timber—now very scarce and costly—gives them a "life" estimated by the Government to be not less than thirty to thirty-six years. Frequent painting and occasional repairs extend this "life" to sixty years or more. Houses built thirty or more years ago are mostly over-decorated.

Something more than fifteen years ago the country was flooded by an enormous number of small illustrated books, issued by an American firm, and containing full particulars of bungalows of many kinds, the authors offering working specifications by post in return for forty or forty-five dollars. This resulted in nearly every builder, and many carpenters, becoming their own architects, and hundreds of houses of American design soon made their appearance. Rapid building is a feature of the work in this country; from two to three months will see a house completed, drainage water supply and plumbing included.

Corrugated iron for roofing and fencing has been immensely popular, until recently, when locally manufactured tiles had found favour. Now, bricks, locally made, and concrete blocks have come into use for dwelling houses, and reinforced concrete and steel frame erections for the huge hotels and office buildings and those designed for use as "flats."

From an English point of view there is a lack of comfort and homeliness about New Zealand dwellings. Every sound can be heard from room to room, and a hearty sneeze penetrates the entire building. Doors rattle and slam, floors creak, and draughts are general. Before the imported American three-ply compressed wood sheets and concrete fibrous plaster attracted builders, wood houses were first lined with rough wood, then with scrim (open-work canvas) stretched and tacked, with the joints covered by strips of cotton tape, and the whole covered with ordinary wallpaper. In damp weather the scrim drapes itself into folds, and at all times when there is quickly moving air, the wind, getting behind the scrim and wallpaper, bulges it out and sucks it back again until the apparently moving walls induce vertigo and astonish the immigrant.

I have recently watched the building of a brick house with a lining wall of brick, and a four-inch air space between. In England I have seen such walls connected by "key-bricks" placed lengthways from wall to wall. Here, the two walls were tied or held together by galvanized iron wire, resting, in short lengths, in the mortared spaces between bricks. This may be a general form of economy, but it is new to me. Concrete houses are occupied as soon as finished, and I have known such to be painted inside and out with waterproof paint, making no allowance for the escape of vapour from the tons of water used in mixing the concrete.

It is unusual to excavate a level site when building upon a hill-side, and there are many houses with the front (or back) almost twice the height of the opposing side, the space beneath the ground floor being used as cellars. The sash window is in common use, although extensive "stoops" or verandas on one, two, or three sides of a house suggest the advantages of French doors.

Terraces, and crescents, and houses with party walls are almost unknown, a quarter-acre section being the

more than five rooms. There is a noticeable absence of attics, the low pitch of most roofs and the ground level design of the majority of buildings rendering them exceptional.

Forty years ago, twenty pounds per room was a roughly accurate cost of a plain wooden bungalow. To-day the cost is five or six times as great. Twelve shillings per square foot (floor space of rooms) is a low estimate for the cost of a seaside week-end cottage.

The generosity of the Government through the Advance to Settlers and Advance to Workers' Acts alone makes it possible for people of small means to build a home for themselves.

SPRING

II—THE HOUNDS OF SPRING

By PETER TRAILL

"I AM finding this season very depressing," Mr. Cribbage observed to his friend Rydal as he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking out of the bow window of his club on to the Green Park.

"It must be your circulation," Rydal suggested. "If you were healthy, you would feel a quickening of the blood. My own is simply bounding through my veins."

"Coursing is the correct word," Mr. Cribbage told him. "I think I must have been born with mine clotted," he continued, "and after all that's the best sort of blood to have if cream is any criterion."

"You are at a definite disadvantage," Rydal said. "You get no thrill from the chase."

"What chase?"

"Why, the only chase worth calling one. At this time of the year, all women are very near and dear to me. I shall leave the club in a minute with a springy gait and twirling cane upon the quest of adventure." Mr. Cribbage's eyes wandered idly down Piccadilly.

"You'll end in Vine Street for the disgusting beast that you are," he said. "You must be the sort of thing Swinburne was thinking about when he wrote that the hounds of spring were upon winter's traces."

"I've never met the man," Rydal declared indignantly, "and anyway I never leave any traces." A spasm of disgust contracted Mr. Cribbage's face for a moment, but his features soon resolved themselves into their customary imperturbability, from which they changed shortly afterwards to something approaching enthusiasm.

"Here," he said, "come and have a look." Rydal moved languidly forward, and, gazing down Piccadilly in the direction of his friend's well-manicured fingers, saw a very nice-looking and neatly dressed girl walking slowly up toward the Circus. She was a hundred yards or so short of the club when Mr. Cribbage had drawn attention to her; such, however, was the effect of spring upon Rydal that he had not only got his own hat and stick, but also those of Mr. Cribbage, and had whirled him into the entrance by the time that the young lady was passing the doors.

"I must say," Rydal said as they began to walk a couple of paces behind her, "you have a good eye for the human form." Mr. Cribbage accepted his friend's praise without any remark. "The only thing which now remains is for us to get into conversation."

"The only thing which now remains for you, you mean," Mr. Cribbage corrected him. Rydal sucked the top of his walking stick and surveyed the lady's back.

"I suppose," he said after a moment's thought, "that you wouldn't let me push you into her, and then when she turns, let me pretend to protect her by hitting you."

"Certainly not," Mr. Cribbage said.

"I thought not," Rydal sighed. "I might go up

to her and tell her that she was wanted on the telephone," he suggested almost in the same breath, "only that works better in hotel lounges somehow. Of course, I could just have a talk with her about the weather."

"Spring might not appeal to her in the same way," Mr. Cribbage said. "Take myself, I find it an extremely chilly time; not in the least conducive to friendliness." Rydal's eyes grew sombre.

"We must do something," he said in desperation. "I hate walking for the sake of walking."

"I will take the matter in hand," Mr. Cribbage said gravely, and drawing from his pocket a few letters, he selected one with great care. Replacing the others he quickened his pace and, touching the lady on the arm, smiled.

"Did you by any chance drop this?" he asked.

"I don't think so," she answered, and Rydal, who had been watching the proceedings with an increasing interest, then interposed.

"Oh, I'm sure that you did," he said; "my friend and I have been walking behind you for a long time—just admiring the view, you know—it couldn't have been anyone else."

"I don't go about as a rule with letters in my hand, and dropping them," she replied. "Let me have a look at it." Mr. Cribbage gave the letter to Rydal and, taking off his hat, retraced his steps to the club while the latter handed it over to the girl. It contained a request from Lord Knutsford to support a hospital.

"I'm sure it isn't mine," the girl said, hastily handing it back to Rydal, who held it in his fingers as though he didn't know quite what to do with it.

"Extraordinary interesting things, hospitals," he said vaguely, "you know they are all different. That's what makes it such fun being knocked down: you never know where you will wake up."

"I am not in the habit of being knocked down," she said, and prepared to resume her walk.

"Really you must be extraordinary lucky," Rydal replied, "I am always being troubled that way; sometimes only figuratively—as now." The girl resumed her walk and Rydal resumed it with her, until they came to a crossing.

"You might easily get run over here," he said cheerfully and took hold of her arm. As he said this, however, the traffic was stopped—it appeared to Rydal a trifle arbitrarily—and they walked across without delay. He noticed also that the lady's smile seemed to have turned into a broad grin. When they got to the other side, she stopped.

"I think," she said, "that that policeman wants to speak to you." Rydal turned to look at the man on point duty who was waving his hand to him imperatively. He hesitated and, deciding that discretion was the better part of valour, went across to the man.

"Do you know that young lady?" the policeman asked him.

"What's that got to do with you?" Rydal tried to assume the offensive.

"Only this," said the policeman, "that I come off point in three minutes, and she happens to be my missus; she's going to the station to see me and if I find you there with her, you'll find yourself there without her." Rydal sucked the top of his walking stick, while he digested the purport of the constable's remarks.

"I see," he said at length; "well, I'll just be toddling along." With which he went back to his club without glancing over his shoulder to see what had happened to the girl. In the smoking room he found Mr. Cribbage holding his "pink" gin up to the light.

"You're right about the spring, it's a rotten season," he remarked.

"Makes people do a lot of silly things," Mr. Cribbage replied, and deciding that there was nothing wrong with his drink he swallowed it at a swoop.

GAFFER MARTIN

BY R. W. K. EDWARDS

"WELL, there, to think of seeing you again, Master John!" said Mrs. Martin.

I always go to see the Martins, the first thing, when I get down into Suffolk. Mrs. Martin is a dear old thing, and it's delightful, I find, to be called "Master John" at a certain (or uncertain) period of life, when one is frequently aware that the casual wayfarer, asking the way or requiring a light, is addressing one as "Dad"—where it used to be "Mate."

"I hope you're well, Nannie," I always say, and I think this pleases her much more than being called Mrs. Martin. "And how's Gaffer?"

Gaffer Martin is Mrs. Martin's father-in-law, and is so old that there are very few in the village who remember him distinctly, without some effort, before he had "gotten hisself clean"—which means turned quite white.

"He really is better, sir. He's a wonderful hand at turning the corner, and no doubt but what he've done it again."

"Not been ill at his time of life?"

"Reelly ill, sir, this time. He was took bad about the beginning of May, and lay there like a baby for the most of the month. He never wandered, but he was that weak. Then all of a sudden-like he seemed to pick up again, took his victuals and his glass at nights, and says, 'I'm goin' to see the end of it.'"

"Meaning the war, I suppose?"

"Don't think so, Master John. You see he never say much about the war from the first, when he used to be worried because we was fighting alongside of they Rooshans, he said. 'Course it's been brought home to him since. I suppose there's not so many as have had their great-grandsons made orphans, and it don't make him love the Germans. But we don't talk about it much and never tell him much o' the news. He lives pretty much in himself, as you may say. He've got something at the back of his mind that keep him thinking, but we don't know what it is. You go in and see him, Master John: it'll do him good, and I expect he'll talk to you. He always set great store by you, you know."

Gaffer Martin was glad to see me, and for the first time for many years he didn't begin with his usual "I didn't hope to see you again, Master John." As Mrs. Martin said, he seemed to want to talk to me, but his voice was not so strong as it had always been, and we took some time getting to the point.

"So you're going to see the end of it, Gaffer?" I asked.

"Yis, and so are you, Master John," piped the old man. "Dew—you don't get run over farst, you and yar old penny-farden!" (To the last, Gaffer Martin thought I till rode a high bicycle.)

"The end of what, Gaffer?"

The old man looked dimly at me. "If you don't know, I ain't a-goin' to tell you."

"It isn't war," I said. "Neither you nor I will see the end of that."

"If you don't know, I ain't a-goin' to tell you," he repeated. "It isn't war more'n anything else."

I cast about in my mind for a clue, and then said, half at random, "You mean the end of the world, don't you, Gaffer?"

A gleam came into the dim eyes.

"You ha' noticed?" he said eagerly.

I nodded mysteriously.

"I knew you would," said Gaffer, contentedly, "but I reckon you ain't told 'em. Annie ain't noticed, and I ain't a-going to tell her. Parson ain't noticed—though you'd ha' thought it his business—

and I ain't a-goin' to tell him. If there's any as hev noticed, they keep it to themselves. Not but what they're right, too," he added. "What's the use of worritin' folk. Half of 'em wouldn't believe—not if you told 'em; and th' other half wouldn't wait to see it, they'd be that scared. No narves—not among the whool lot of 'em."

"How did you find it out, Gaffer?"

"Ah! You may well ask that. Here I set, and set, and set, and you'd think an old chough like me was past noticin' anything. But I ain't so won'erful blind but what I can see the sun, and I ain't so won'erful deaf but what I can hare the clock strike. Listen. There go th' oold clock."

Sure enough the grandfather's clock outside was going through the preliminary internal wheezes that indicated an intention to strike. It was a wonderful old clock, with one hand and a rarely wrought dial, and I never saw it without being reminded of a song Gaffer Martin himself used to sing when I was an impressionable boy:

My grandfather's clock was too big for his shelf,
So that stood ninety years upon the floor:
That was taller by far than th' oold man himself,
Yet that weighed not a pennyweight more.
That was bought on the morn of the day that he was
born,
That was always his joy and his pride:
But that stopped short—never to goo again,
When th' oold man died.

"Th' oold clock ain't niver wrong," said Gaffer, "and there's the charch clock a-copyin' of it. Four o'clock. Now look where the sun lay."

"Over the steeple," I said, looking out of the window.

"Then that ain't no right to be there at four o'clock in August—no manner o' right. That ought to be plumb over the Markis o' Granby, I reckon. Now you can see how I noticed it. But they're blind, they are, the whool lot of 'em," and he jerked his thumb over his shoulder.

"But I ain't a-goin' to tell 'em," he said. "That wouldn't be no manner o' use. They're that ignorant, I don't believe they know as th' arth rootates on its axis. Dew—they ain't noticed as that's rootating slower and slower since June. That's lost about an hour a'ready."

I said nothing. The absolute irrelevance of a dissertation on the phenomenon as due to a daylight-saving Bill seemed painfully obvious.

"Th' arth rootates on that's axis, same as a top dew. That spin. That's what that dew. Top, that won't go on spinnin' for ever. That rootate slower and slower, then that wobble, then that topple, then that fall. Top's got suffin' to fall on, that hev; but th' arth—that'll fall and fall: and if that don't fall foul o' suffin' afore that get clear o' the stars, that's a masterpiece."

* * *

"He hev been talking to you, Master John," said Annie, as I went through the kitchen.

"Does him good, Nannie, I suppose," I said, "so long as he doesn't get over-tired. Let's know how he goes on; I'll be round again anyhow before October. I must come and see him before October. Do you know, it's the first time for years he hasn't said he hopes he'll be dead before I come again."

When I did return, however, it was to hear that Gaffer Martin was dead. On the whole I thought it saved him worry and perplexity that might have come to him with the first of October. I had been elaborating a scheme by which I hoped to get him to suggest that the operations of big artillery might account for those disturbances in the earth's rotation,

his theory of which I felt sure he would never entirely abandon. But I had great misgivings as to any success in this line.

"Yes, he's gone, Master John," said Annie. "Set down and I'll tell you. It was that big Zepp-raid. You see, we'd never told him about the Zepps, though they'd been close enough you'd think for him to notice, as noticed things you'd hardly think of. But they came so many that night, thinks I 'I'll hev to put Gaffer in the cellar,' and how I'd get him to go there's more'n I could think. But when I come in, there he was, a-settin' at the window, a-lookin' and a-listenin' like a child at the fireworks after the school-treat. The Zepps was a good bit away by that time, but the guns was at 'em. 'That you, Annie Mawther?' he say. 'You ain't scared, are you?' 'Not me,' I says. 'That's right,' he say, 'you ain't nawthin' to be afraid of. Set along o' me, and we'll see the end of it together.' An' we set hand in hand and he was wonderful calm and easy."

"There wa'n't such a wonderful deal o' noise then, but the sky was full o' sparkles, and th' air full o' sissing. And then there brooke out a rare great light i' the heavens o' the far side o' Thorpe. Gaffer saw it: he say 'That's a masterpiece,' an' shut his eyes and lean back: and when I come to put a cushion behind his head, he were dead."

"No, that weren't fright that killed him. He had a beautiful smile on his face. Doctor he say perhaps he know'd that them as is a-dyin' sees a light, and so made up his mind as his time had come. 'But don't you go and say,' he says, 'that he was killed in a Zepp-raid. He wouldn't like that.'"

AND WHERE SHE GOES

BY FRANCIS R. ANGUS

LIGHTLY stepping,
Gently slipping
Into our world
Of ice and snow,
Comes the Spring.

And where she goes
On the late snow
The spears of grass
Prick their way
In green array.

Lightly stepping
The Spring goes
And water runs
Dark gold and steel,
In the sun

Where swaying gulls
Rise and fall,
And slender duck
Balance and dive,
Journeying far.

Where long arms
Of melting ice
(Green turquoise mingled
With robin's blue)
Embrace the water

There Spring is going
Softly gliding
Gently driving
Dreary winter
From our earth.



" RICHMOND BRIDGE "

THE THEATRE FOR THE GOURMAND

BY GILBERT WAKEFIELD

White Horse Inn. The Coliseum.
Five Farthings. By A. R. Rawlinson. Haymarket Theatre.

THEY feed you generously at the 'White Horse Inn.' The Gargantuan meal begins at 8.15; and when, some two hours later, feeling surfeited, I begged to be excused and left the table, there was yet another helping still to come. I say another "helping," rather than another "course," because the fare provided by Sir Oswald Stoll had been till then substantially the same, despite a frequent changing of the plates. Indeed, very substantially the same! Steak-and-kidney pudding, with a disproportionate amount of steak, and now and again a tough and gristly morsel I suspected might be horse—possibly the White Horse after whom the Inn was named. In short, a feast for gourmands, rather than for gourmets.

Putting metaphor aside, this 'White Horse Inn' consists (so far at least as its first two acts are concerned) of a series of multitudinous ensembles, interspersed with scenes of comedy. To be perfectly frank, these latter are abysmally stupid and insufferably tedious. Nor have the comedians sufficient personality to make them seem less stale and silly than they are. As regards the stoutest of the three comedians, I doubt if he will ever be amusing to the more judicious members of his audience. As for the gentleman who played the waiter, I was quite unable to decide whether he was a serious actor wrestling with a comic rôle, or a comic actor wrestling with a serious rôle. I must add, however, that every joke (and they almost all referred to either Clacton, Bootle or male underwear) was hailed with shouts of laughter from the upper regions of the theatre, and also from several very portly smokers of cigars in my immediate neighbourhood.

Some of the settings were delightful (the Council Chamber, for example), but taken as a whole the scenery was disappointing. For instance, the design for the 'White Horse Inn' (an exterior, with Tyrolean landscape), to which, after each excursion to neighbouring beauty-spots and places of interest, we were invariably brought back, was neither especially beautiful nor startlingly original—apart from the two "wings," or side-pieces, which continued the picture to the boxes in the auditorium and represented annexes of the hotel. When the windows of these annexes were opened, and the chorus, stepping out on to the balconies and swaying to the music, added their voices to the scores (or were they hundreds?) who were massed upon the stage, the effect was undoubtedly impressive. Otherwise the scenery was commonplace. For instance, the Swimming Pool was waterless, and was used merely as a rather shoddy setting for a song-and-dance. Even the thunderstorm was robbed of its full effectiveness by the failure of the rain to fall on the umbrellas, which remained unaccountably—and really rather ludicrously!—dry.

On the other hand, several of the ensemble numbers were both brilliantly conceived and magnificently executed by the chorus. With the crowd in the thunderstorm Herr Charell has contrived a picture which combines most cleverly the disorder caused by an emergency with the decoration of a well-conceived design. So also in the scene of welcome to the Emperor, where a long procession files on to a stage already filled—or so it seemed—to overflowing, there was the same astonishing control in grouping. There was no confusion on the stage, and yet also no suggestion of mere "drilling." The costumes, too, and the colour-schemes are always pleasant to look at; and the music, though devoid of interest or inspiration, is at least inoffensive to the ear. And if only somebody

could write a more coherent story, and infuse a little humorous relief between the chorus-numbers; or even if some more influential person would endorse my opinion that the humour of male underwear grows less amusing with each repetition, and that neither Clacton nor Bootle has a humorous significance for quite a large proportion of the audience; if Mr. Gee were given rather more to do, and Messrs. Mollison and Barty rather less; and if, finally, Miss Lea Seidl were to sing more frequently, instead of having nothing to do beyond having her hand kissed gallantly by Mr. Mollison (usually in vicarious acknowledgment of the audience's appreciation of the chorus), then this entertainment at the Coliseum would be very much less heavy and monotonous, and the 'White Horse Inn' a hostelry for epicures.

So far as it was possible to judge by the second performance, 'Five Farthings' is a guileless little comedy, with a plot which, though factitious and theatrical, has amusing "possibilities." A mother with a gambler's temperament, an inexhaustible vitality, and a genius for shady enterprise, is living on the Riviera. By inserting fraudulent advertisements in the London newspapers she succeeds in letting two insanitary villas, on the rent from which (and similar dishonest schemes) she exists in a state of perpetual financial crisis. That is the play's unusual heroine, and the rôle is taken by Miss Marie Tempest. The hero is her son, who arrives from South Africa, after I forget how many years of voluntary exile, with a fortune. (How this paragon of honest boobyism managed to amass this fortune, I found myself unable to conceive.) A letter, which conveniently preceded his arrival by a day or two, reveals to his mother that her son is picturing his "Mumsie" as a dear old lady with "lots of lace" and all the usual appurtenances of a Royal Academician's picture of maternal charm. In order not to disillusion him (with a share of his fortune as her ulterior motive), the mother consents to take the advice of her faithful, but equally unscrupulous, retainer (played by Mr. Graham Browne), and disguises herself according to her underperpetrated son's conception of her. The commercial, psychological and matrimonial results of this pretence, which form the subject-matter of Acts Two and Three, are at first too obvious and artificial, and later on too turbid and confusing, to be more than mildly entertaining.

Not that this comedy is ever actually boring or devoid of amusing incidents; and if ever Miss Tempest (for whom the part of Mrs. Wickham might have been, and possibly was, written) manages to substitute the author's lines for the clumsy, halting paraphrase she gave us on the second night, the audiences at the Haymarket will find that 'Five Farthings' whiles away the evening pleasantly enough.

It was of this slovenly performance on the second night—with its promptings, embarrassing silences, and lines that petered-out in unintelligible aposiopesis—that I was thinking when I prefaced this criticism with the qualifying words: "So far as it was possible to judge." However, assuming that there was some reasonable excuse for it (though, as none, nor even an apology, was offered, I cannot justify this generous assumption), I will content myself with tendering my sincere condolences to Mr. Rawlinson. So far as her interpretation of the character of Mrs. Wickham was concerned, Miss Tempest gave an excellent performance. Indeed, I doubt if any other actress could have "got" successfully "away" with this very questionable heroine. All the other characters were played with admirable firmness and intelligence. Mr. Cyril Raymond was appropriately hearty and idealistic as the son; Miss Adrienne Allen looked extremely smart and lovely as a lady who discovered fascination in that bovine gentleman; Miss Margaret Watson sketched an impecunious old maid with expert touch; and among others whose performances were highly commendable were Mr. Gilbert Davis, Mr. Tony de Lungo and Mr. E. Conforti.

THE FILMS FRENCH PICTURES

BY MARK FORREST

SINCE 1914, when the outbreak of the war put an end to the dominance of the French cinema in its own country in the same way as it took away that of the British here, there have been few films from France which have been remarkable, and the cinema enthusiast in this country has had little chance to see even those. Those pictures, such as 'Finis Terræ,' 'Napoléon,' 'En Rade,' Thérèse Raquin,' 'La Passion de Jeanne d'Arc' and 'Le Chapeau de Paille d'Italie'—to mention a few of the better-known ones—were silent, and their subtitles were generally projected in English. The advent of the dialogue film disturbed the reawakening French industry no less than it did our own, and it put an end for the moment to all chance of French productions being shown to the general public over here. Until recently managers were frightened to exhibit them, but the success of 'Sous les Toits de Paris' has proved them to be over-sensitive. It is true that this picture has little dialogue, but that there is a certain public here—I hope not entirely composed of French residents—has been proved by the enterprising management of the Academy Cinema in Oxford Street. This concern began a year's experiment of showing French films with the exhibition of 'Le Roi des Resquilleurs' or 'The King of the Gatecrashers,' and so successful has its initial venture been that it seems as if the risks taken will be justified. 'Le Roi des Resquilleurs' has already run a fortnight, and when it has exhausted its popularity, the management has other recent French productions, such as 'La Mystère de la Chambre Jaune,' to follow.

The Gaumont Company, virtually simultaneously with the birth of this venture, has also decided to allow the British public a glimpse of a French picture, but they have not so much faith in its knowledge of the French language. 'Cain,' directed by Monsieur Poirier, is being shown at the Marble Arch Pavilion, but the dialogue has been translated into English. Luckily, there is very little talk, otherwise the result would be very unsatisfactory. Monsieur Poirier, who directed 'Verdun,' that French war picture of considerable distinction, has evidently been determined to get away from the four walls of the studio, and for this, if for no other reason, the picture deserves attention.

It is unfortunate that the story is feeble. Cain is a stoker on board a liner; after stealing some jewellery he makes his escape. Unfortunately, his boat is carried far out of its course and he finds himself the lonely inhabitant of a tropical island. In due time the marauding natives appear, and driving them off with his revolver, he succeeds in detaching a dusky maiden. Repenting of his earlier theft after long years, he decides to return to civilization, but on finding that he is once more to grace the stokehole, he thinks again and decides to stay "native." The picture was made in Madagascar and Monsieur Poirier is chiefly concerned to keep the island in the foreground; by achieving this he manages to present a film which, from the scenic point of view, continually arouses one's interest when the story itself has caused it to flag. The tropical vegetation and the wooded coastline form a good background, and the eye is constantly being delighted by "shots" of either one or the other. Thomy Bourdelle, who also acted in 'Verdun,' plays the part of Cain with strength, and Rama Taha makes a convincing savage, but they cannot quicken a story in which even the director does not appear to be unduly interested.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

- 1 The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, though he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- 2 Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach him on Tuesday.

THE FIVE YEARS' PLAN

SIR,—The anxiety felt by manufacturers in Czechoslovakia and Poland regarding the growing menace of Russian competition in Eastern European markets is increasing owing to recent Russo-German activities. The visit of a German industrialists' delegation to Russia which produced orders of £15,000,000 for German firms is now being followed by the dispatch of a Soviet special commission to Berlin to discuss the methods of financing these orders.

A growing disposition to take the Russian Five Years' Plan seriously is noticeable in Central Europe. While it is considered highly improbable that Stalin will achieve anything like a 100 per cent. success, it is felt that even a partial realization of his aims will make Russian dumping abroad a grave danger to the economic structure of capitalist countries. In the absence of trustworthy information from Russia it is impossible to form an opinion on the actual progress made. In certain limited directions the success already achieved appears to have exceeded the hopes of Moscow. With the help of foreign firms and foreign specialists and by a ruthless exploitation of Russian labour, apparently flourishing industries have been created. The difficulties of co-ordinating these somewhat disconnected and sporadic industrial growths into a homogeneous economic system are enormous but possibly not insurmountable.

The real weakness in the Five Years' Plan lies in its neglect of the human factor. Russian universities and technical high schools are incapable of producing anything approaching the required number of scientifically trained specialists, and with the gradual disappearance of Russian engineers and chemists trained abroad or at the pre-revolutionary Russian universities, the Soviets will have to fill the majority of responsible technical posts in their industries with foreigners, a precarious situation in case of serious international complications. The position is aggravated by the lack of Russian skilled mechanics; here, again, the Soviets must depend largely on foreigners.

Another human factor which might eventually wreck Stalin's plans is the labour question. The Russian worker's patience and faculty for enduring hardships are apparently almost inexhaustible, but even he demands a minimum of comfort if he is to maintain the standard of efficiency required by modern industries. In the opinion of competent observers recently returned from Russia, it is doubtful whether, under the present system, even the low standard of living demanded by Russian working men will be possible of achievement.

The difficulties confronting Stalin are undoubtedly enormous. It is, however, premature to assume that they are insuperable. The Russian dictator's most powerful ally is the universal trade depression. As long as the big industrial concerns all the world over find it impossible to obtain sufficient orders to keep going, the Soviets will be able to buy the machinery required for the building up of their industries. The consideration that these industries are created for the openly avowed purpose of wrecking their capitalist competitors does not appear to act as a deterrent.

The Russian shortage of scientific workers can, at least temporarily, be overcome as long as German universities and Technische Hochschulen continue to turn out hundreds of highly qualified young engineers and chemists who cannot possibly find suitable employ-

ment in their own country. German skilled mechanics will be available as long as the present disastrous unemployment lasts. The power of endurance of the Russian working-class is a factor which no one has even been able to estimate correctly.

The only thing that can be said with certainty at present is that the capitalist world in general and Germany in particular are doing their best to assist in the forging of a weapon for their own destruction.

I am, etc.,

AN ENGLISH OBSERVER IN CENTRAL EUROPE
Praha, Czechoslovakia

THE TYRANNY OF TITHE

SIR,—With reference to your article on the tyranny of tithe, it should be recalled that on February 26 of this year the Minister of Agriculture received a deputation of the National Farmers' Union, whose members recited the intolerable grievance of this burden in the Home Counties.

Dr. Addison, however, gave these gentlemen no comfort. He replied to these representations:

I want to be quite frank with you. I can hold out no prospect of my asking the Government to re-open the tithe question. There have been two recent Acts—in 1918 and 1925—which have stabilized the position, and in point of fact those Acts have resulted in a diminution of the tithe which would have been payable on the previous basis. Moreover, I do not know of—and you have not suggested—any practicable and fair way of dealing with the question.

As you know, tithe is a very ancient charge, and it falls, not on the occupier, but on the owner of the land. The owner, when he bought the land, did so with the knowledge that there was that annual charge upon it, and that by so much its value was diminished. You cannot repudiate your obligations—you would not ask me to empower you to do that. Somebody or other in times past may have bought these tithes—a transaction which was just as *bona fide* as a purchase of land itself—and I have to deal honestly with them just as much as with anybody else. Therefore, if you did anything, it could only mean that the burden of tithes will have to be passed on to the general taxpayer. There is no other way.

How could you in fairness saddle the general taxpayer—including, remember, a lot of people who have redeemed their tithe and paid cash to do so—with these obligations?

What it comes down to in the end is the depression in agriculture. If you had the money to pay the tithe you would not be here to-day. That is the plain English of it. You do not like paying tithe. It will never be a popular payment—but if you could afford to pay it, you would not, perhaps, complain so much about it. I do not think it is any good my tackling your difficulties and mine at the tithe end.

I am sure the remedy is to make agriculture pay. We do not agree, it may be, as to our remedies—perhaps you will think better of mine as time goes along—but my plan is to do everything I can to bring about schemes which will give you a better remuneration for your produce. I think myself that that is the proper line to proceed upon. If we could do something for cereals that would be a useful contribution towards a solution of your difficulties, but it is no good pecking at a thing like tithe. I am sure I should land myself and the Government in a sea of difficulties and probably at the end of it we should not have accomplished anything. I am sorry I cannot give you a better reply, but at least I have given you an honest reply.

It appears, therefore, that, although we are told that every disease has its remedy, in this case the Government do not intend to act.

I am, etc.,

AN ESSEX FREEHOLDER

NEW ZEALAND AND THE EMPIRE

SIR,—In your issue of January 17 there appeared a letter, 'In Defence of New Zealand,' which ends in this quaint phrase: "He would also learn to play the Imperial Game." A quaint phrase when it is too much in evidence that Englishmen are not too well received in New Zealand. On my arrival in this country I was asked "why I had come to take the bread from the mouth of a New Zealander."

When Mr. Baldwin some time ago made an appeal to the Colonies for relief for the miners' distress, New Zealand said "Nothing doing," yet at that very time she sent £2,000 to relief of distress in China (see New Zealand papers).

The English fund for New Zealand Earthquake Relief Fund is £39,000, yet at this very moment a government-controlled institution is considering buying American typewriters in preference to English.

The sailors and marines of the English Navy had a march through the streets here recently. I heard them being mocked myself, and on the following day correspondence was in the papers about the absence of cheering and welcome.

Whenever a New Zealander visits England and returns home, he gives interviews or lectures on his visit, and in these rarely have I seen any praise or good thing about England, but generally a sneer or denigratory remarks.

For about twenty years this country has had virtually nothing but American films (many anti-English); the present generation has been brought up on them and from them know nothing about the world save New Zealand and U.S.A. I have been closely connected with the young people of this country for many years and their Americanization gives one to think, for it is this rising generation which will have to deal with Empire affairs. In their homes, libraries and shops, American books and periodicals, particularly the latter, predominate.

England buys 100 per cent. of virtually all of New Zealand's products (£40 to 45 million); New Zealand buys only 50 per cent. from England (£22 million); New Zealand buys 200 per cent. more from the U.S.A. than the U.S.A. buy from New Zealand. No, the New Zealander is a dual personality. He talks a great deal about Patriotism, and spends his cash in U.S.A.; that is not playing the Imperial Game.

We all know what they did in the war, just the same as everyone else.

I am, etc.,

Auckland, N.Z. ENGLISH NEW ZEALANDER

BIMETALLISM

SIR,—I had hoped that my letter would draw the enemy's fire. As, apparently, it has not done so, I am tempted to write again. Perhaps this letter may rouse more indignation in the monometalist mind—if (astute knavery apart) such a thing there be.

Let us consider the state of matters economic in the late 'nineties of last century. At that time the Bimetallic League was in full being. There was also a rival body, calling itself the Gold Standard Defence Association, the secretary to which was the Hon. George Peel, a gentleman in whose family monetary freakishness must be an heirloom; for Sir Robert Peel once defined the £ to be a definite weight of gold bullion, and his descendant said that Bimetallism meant purchasing silver at twice the market price! For inaccuracy those two statements may be placed side by side. The first is "mere oblivion," and the second sheer absurdity.

France, with infinitely more excuse than we had in 1816, demonetized silver in the 'seventies. Her reason—a perhaps valid one—was that Germany, who, in mistaken imitation of England, had decided to go on a gold standard, was exchanging her silver for gold with France in vast quantities, and France found she might be left on a (possibly dangerous) silver basis, if she went on with the operation. Not being desirous of obliging the victorious enemy, she closed her mints to silver, and—for the first time in European history—silver began to have really a price, and that naturally a falling one in terms of gold, as (conversely) gold is a rising one in terms of silver.

Lord Beaconsfield, with that foresight which distinguished him, declared that the demonetization of silver would have disastrous consequences. It had; it ruined

agriculture throughout Europe, and nearly ruined Lancashire.

The notion—I will not call it an idea—that international Bimetallism is a crank's doctrine is surely amply refuted by the fact stated in my last letter that nearly every professor of economics in Europe and America, as also the governments of France, Germany, the United States and India, was clamouring for it!

One square mile in London was able to block the way to this most necessary policy. Why?

I am, etc.,

T. H. HALLARD

N.W.1

CATHOLICS AND INFALLIBILITY

SIR,—The doctrine of papal infallibility as promulgated by Pío Nono in 1870 is, I suppose, but little if at all more open to hostile criticism than the doctrine of the inerrancy of the Bible, and this was formerly accepted as an article of faith by many devoted Protestants. It is a singular fact that authority, in spite of long experience, seems constantly to set itself in violent opposition to new ideas, entirely forgetting Gamaliel's wise advice: "Let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught; but if it be of God, ye cannot overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God."

Plutarch tells us that, when in the third century B.C. Aristarchus of Samos began to teach the sphericity and orbital movement of the earth, some people thought that he ought to be prosecuted forthwith, "Ὁτι κινεῖν τὸν κόσμον τὴν ἐστίν," a charge which is almost exactly the same as that which was brought against Galileo more than a thousand years afterwards in Rome. Nevertheless, a papal decree was issued in the seventeenth century, which definitely said that it was quite untrue that the earth moved round the sun, and one curious result of this was that, when a French edition of the *Principia* was published in Paris, the editors (MM. La Seur et Jacquier) inserted a note to the effect that although they themselves accepted the papal declaration as infallibly true, they had assumed the contrary in this particular book, but merely for the purpose of showing the course of Newton's argument!

I am, etc.,

WALTER CRICK

Eastbourne

SIR,—I am sorry Mr. A. P. Anderson still misses the purport of my enquiries as to the degree of infallibility (if any) in Papal encyclicals. The point is really a familiar one. It concerns not the question of supernatural faith, but merely the right interpretation of documents.

At the Vatican Council of 1870 it was declared that the Pope is infallible "when he speaks *ex cathedra*: that is, when he defines a doctrine to be held by the universal church."

Immediately, however, discussions began as to what Papal utterances are included in, and what excluded from, that category. Some theologians say many; others few. Out of the multitudes of Papal utterances during the centuries, the puzzle is what to include and what to exclude.

As it happens, since I wrote my last letter the same question has been put to the editor of the "Question Box" section of the *Catholic Times*. That editor honestly answered: "I do not think myself qualified, therefore, to give a definite opinion on the recent encyclical." That is, he does not know whether or not it is infallible.

Yet the matter is important. If the encyclical is not infallible, there is no guarantee that it is true. The same applies to countless other such documents, and therefore it seems that the Roman doctrine of infallibility is very uncertain after all.

I assure Mr. Anderson I have no tongue in my cheek. I genuinely seek a solution if one is possible.

I am, etc.,

Highbury, N.5

J. W. POYNTER

THE ABUSE OF EDUCATION

SIR,—One argument stands out above all others in Mr. Armstrong's letter, viz., that it is not our educational but our social system which is basically unsound, and the former is but the outcome of the latter.

Living in the world as it is, I strive to observe the true aims of all influences at work in it. In spite of the perverted nature of the social system, there are about us influences for good of which our educational institutions are glorious examples. My pen and tongue praise them not because they are perfectly organized or free from defect, but by reason of the true spirit behind them which seeks to enrich and ennoble those who are members.

The suggestion made by Mr. Armstrong that my attitude is that of the teacher appears somewhat cynically to deprecate it on the ground of prejudice and personal bias. In extenuation may I state that I have been engaged in business and commercial work for the last fifteen years, and spent only a brief six years in educational work.

We no doubt agree that children do need training, but I fundamentally disagree with Mr. Armstrong's strong denunciation of group training. Anyone who has studied children knows that the peculiarities of each child reveal themselves whatever attempt is made to suppress them. Group training is, too, an economic method of dealing with every child in the present. No system could be evolved whereby children could be trained on lines suggested by Mr. Armstrong.

The world is not a place into which any child can enter or play its part thoroughly who has not received every opportunity to acquire adequate mental, moral and spiritual equipment. The school succeeds, in my view, in giving the child this opportunity. My cry is for schools and more schools.

I am, etc.,

G. S. MASON

Watford

A LIFE OF BLACKMORE

SIR,—I am undertaking the collection of materials for a biography of Richard Doddridge Blackmore, author of 'Lorna Doone,' etc., and shall be grateful for information. I shall be especially glad to hear from those who knew him personally and to have copies of his letters. Should any prefer to submit the letters, I shall have them copied and return the originals.

I am, etc.,

704 Buckeye Street,
Wooster, Ohio, U.S.A.

WALDO H. DUNN

SAFETY-GLASS FOR OMNIBUSES

SIR,—There appears to exist in the minds of people who travel by omnibus an impression that safety-glass is to be fitted all round from the beginning of next year. That, of course, is not the case, for the regulations—which come into force for new vehicles on January 1 next, and in the case of vehicles already in service, on January 1, 1937—specify only wind-screens and lower front windows.

As chairman of an insurance company dealing with omnibus business, I have found that the gravest danger to passengers in the event of an accident is through glass breaking. May I hope, therefore, that the companies will not confine themselves to the strict requirements of the law, but will fit safety-glass all round and ensure that passengers are afforded the same protection as the driver?

I am, etc.,

House of Commons

JOHN TRAIN

NEW NOVELS

By H. C. HARWOOD

Red Like Crimson. By Jean Paradine. Putnam. 7s. 6d.*Juan in America.* By Eric Linklater. Cape. 7s. 6d.*Vain Love.* By Johann Fabricius. Gollancz. 10s. 6d.*Gauntlet.* By Lord Gorell. Murray. 7s. 6d.*The Choice.* By Philip Macdonald. Crime Club (Collins). 7s. 6d.*Fancy's Followers.* By Jennifer Davies. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

CHILDHOOD is a period of one's life upon which, as one grows older, one is tempted to look back, with stronger and more fallacious regrets. At twenty one feels: "Thank heaven I am grown up and out of that." At thirty one begins to find in the memory of immaturity a sweetly sentimental sorrow. At forty, one's imagination is beleaguered by infantilism. What happens after that I have still to discover, but I suspect that the tint of rose more and more deeply tinges retrospect. By the age of ninety even you, dear reader, steely trained as I know you to be, will believe that you were happy as a kid. But, you know you were not. Clean blood was pulsing through your veins, your digestion was admirable, and not for many minutes could you be conscious of your miseries, but for so long as they lasted how terrible they were. The rage of Othello, Anthony's disappointment, Romeo's ruin, Hamlet's uncertainty and the baulked ambition of a Coriolanus are considerable in sum, but how little compared with the sorrow of one child in the nursery. "Did he break his toy, then?" "Did Nanna slap her?" It seems so silly to adults. We try to comfort the child, smiling and winking at each other over her bowed head. If she has strawberry jam for tea she will stop crying. But these brief agonies are quite as intense as Othello's, Anthony's, Romeo's, Hamlet's, or Coriolanus's. Adults are not comforted by jam, nor can they easily break from despair into simple gaiety, but they have been inoculated against dismay. But the child has confidently put its hand in life's hand, and when she meets suffering, injustice, ugliness, shame or cruelty for the first time she looks up to her guide and sees a grisly skeleton. We grown-ups expect so little. We snatch small pleasures, as the crew on a sinking ship break into the rum cask. Beginners in life expect so much, and their physical enthusiasm blinds us to their pain and humiliation. In my opinion, no one over fourteen knows what sorrow is.

Mrs. Paradine, whose first novel I have now to review, has wonderfully kept the atmosphere of childhood, its inexplicable joys and sudden griefs. She has, moreover, so rounded and shaped the personality of this Ann that one would know her if one met her in a bus. The father, too, is a three, or even four, dimensional figure, and the mother is something quite unique, because while intellectually she is a four-square evangelist she by temperament bubbles over with "joie de vivre." As a result, Ann suspects her of playacting, of almost hypocrisy, but Mrs. Paradine makes it plain that mother's severe Victorianism was a mental disease that did not affect her will. She thought as a Simeonite, but privately she went to the theatre, and she made up for lack of interest in her children by strong rebukes of their childishness. If I say, as I must, that Mother is nearly the most interesting character I have met in modern fiction, I must not be misunderstood as underestimating the strength given to every single character in this book, even to Baby-

Boy. The story is nothing, the episodes are trivial, but the people live.

It would be a great pity if 'Red Like Crimson' were to be judged as a protest against nineteenth-century prudery. Mrs. Paradine seems to resent the fact that little boys have their baths one side of a curtain and little girls on the other, and the publisher's blurb refers to "the fascinating subject of taboos in Victorian family life." Well, I am inclined to think, for reasons with which I will not sully this page, that little boys and little girls should not see much of each other's nakedness. To call it a Victorian taboo is anyhow absurd. Self-respect comes in also. I should have hated when I was ten for lasses to see me bathed. This is a fact the moderns seem to ignore. Children are delicate and proud, and only sexagenarians are promiscuous. Apart from this, which is only a small detail, Mrs. Paradine has done a good book. All the best of it might have appeared in 'Little Folks.'

Mr. Linklater's picaresque novel goes with such a swing that one is almost tempted to forget its slightness. Event hurries upon event, and the book, though it has a ponderous beginning, has no end at all. Juan, descended presumably from Byron's hero, is, however, a moron whose sexual desires are as insignificant as his personality. As a "B.O.P." hero he is rather entertaining. He bootlegs, he hollywoods, and if he cannot shoot straight from the hip, at least he is shot that way. No character in this book has any reality, and Juan least of all, but the author is mildly knowing, and if the book will bore the intelligent reader it has just those qualities that will amuse the intelligentsia. Mr. Linklater may be dull, but, if pushed to it, he can be rather naughty.

Advocat straight out of the bottle tastes like a mixture of brandy with elderly eggs, but serve it as it ought to be served, nice and new, with whipped cream and a crystallized cherry on top of it, it is a drink for barmaids. So is 'Vain Love,' which probably owes to its Middle European success the honour of a Gollancz imprint. It is luscious stuff. Mario comes from Capri—ah! Capri—and loves the unfaithful Gioletta. He goes to Paraguay, loving once or twice on the way. He brings over Gioletta, who is not only unfaithful—at every opportunity—but bears in her womb the child of another man. The story is preposterously slight. The decorations are good. And the translation, though American in idiom, is excellent.

Lord Gorell's 'Gauntlet' would be much better if Cecilia were less of a fool. She has no trust in her husband, and breaking away from him she becomes an inefficient domestic. Wave after wave of beastliness breaks upon her, though all the time she had only to snap her fingers to be free. But Cecilia is nasty. Her husband very gently and with great patronage woos her back to him. And that is that. Cecilia rebelled because, as she thought, her husband had had an illegitimate child. What she ought to have resented was his smugness.

Mr. Philip Macdonald is always an interesting fellow, and his 'The Choice' is well up to standard. One begins with an apparent murder, and this is closely followed up by a couple of apparently accidental deaths. There are few detectives one would like to have lunch with. Mr. Fortune, of course! And then Mr. Gethryn, who is a very amiable gentleman and incidentally solves the queer complications in 'The Choice.'

'Fancy's Followers' is an ingenious compound of old-fashioned sentiment with new-fashioned sensuality. A curate loves an actress. An actress, it would be fairer to say, loves a curate. It is all very young and stupid, and Miss Davies is at times quite naughty—she refers to abortion—and the curate is naughty, too, for he goes to bed with the actress, and the heroine dies in quite a sixtyish way. Miss Davies will do much better stuff when she has emancipated herself from a rather sickly convention. She has convictions, and should carry them through.

REVIEWS

THE PLESS DIARY

From My Private Diary. By Daisy, Princess of Pless. Murray. 21s.

THE Princess of Pless has already had her say in the interesting years she painted in her Diary of the war. This is a domestic and social record of her life before the war, written with little discernment, of the anecdotes and character-sketching which historians ask and seldom find.

There is a sketch of the Kaiser at the end and we learn authoritatively that he had no false teeth. The Princess thinks the key to the Kaiser's tragedy was that nobody dared tell him the truth. An unexciting letter that he wrote after his second wedding appears. The Princess also explains the pathos of his sister's, Princess Vicky's, wedding with an adventurer. And with her own efforts to return to England and the divorce of her husband, her life is ending as "a private person to whom nothing remarkable has happened, of whom there is nothing interesting to tell." But if Margot Asquith had had half her chances, what a book we would have!

The mass of the book touches England and Germany's high society before the war. The pity is that she so seldom gleaned anything interesting to tell. There are letters from Edward VII and George V, but they will not flutter Chancelleries. The first paid her a bet in hats, and the second assisted her fishing to hook and land a tame duck. The German Diary is not much better than a visitors' book. Any remark of interest shows signs of being removed. It is not interesting that the Crown Prince abstracted a piece of chiffon from her dress or sent her a postcard signed "Yours for ever." (This was thirty years ago.)

There are English visits from which rises a faded Edwardian film. There is the German Duchess of Devonshire, with a wreath of green leaves in her wig, followed by detectives at Monte Carlo "in case she tried to snatch any money"! There is a picture of that Portuguese enigma Soveral, "blue monkey," who turned King Edward against the Kaiser. The historians have not discovered him yet, but his *bon mots* linger. And the drivel continues with flashes of interesting names. Bendor, Duke of Westminster and the Crown Prince float through the pages with the Angel of Failure marking them for his own. The Crown Prince was continually in love with the authoress. It seems rather pathetic that the elegant circus-rider facing page 154 will never be German Emperor. There are no plums, but some currants in the dough if it interests anybody that Queen Alexandra once tried on Lord Desborough's old pumps, or that Arthur Sassoon, the Jew page-boy, got up after each course to make bets for the King and others at lunch. However, when the Crown Prince was rude to King George and Queen Mary, the author told him to wash his face. We are left equally cold to know that in intimacy Captain de Crespigny is "Creepy," Lord Rock-savage is "Jippy" or "Tippy" (at Eton we called him "Rocks sausage") and the Duke of Roxburgh is "Bumbles." But this is a book which will be best enjoyed by snobs or the editors of *Who was Who*.

The Princess is a sympathetic character herself and made some efforts to play the Lady Bountiful in her kingdom, but was considered too "princely" to be allowed to visit the poor in the English style. One is not surprised to learn that the whole district has since turned Socialist. If the gods had been kind, they would have allowed the Princess to suffer the fate of Marie Antoinette and to become a legend. Imagine if the French Queen had survived to write boring books!

KEMAL AND LENIN

Makers of the Modern Age. A series of modern biographies. Edited by Osbert Burdett. The Holme Press. 5s. each.

Mustapha Kemal. By H. E. Wortham.

Lenin. By D. S. Mirsky.

FEW nowadays are lapped in a false security, most of us being uneasily aware of the rapid and tremendous changes in the world. This series of short biographies of "makers of the modern age," edited by Mr. Osbert Burdett, is therefore welcome, and will be doubly so if the succeeding volumes are of the same quality as the first two. These neat, well-printed books, which can be slipped into the pocket, are concerned with two outstanding exponents of political innovation. This, perhaps, is more by accident than design, for it is not a political series, and we are led to expect that other studies will explore changes in the arts, philosophy, science and invention. Mr. Burdett, who has won for himself a distinguished place as a cultured critic and original thinker, may be relied on to give us a stimulating selection.

Certainly Mr. H. E. Wortham's study of Mustapha Kemal deserves its first place. The sources of information are scattered—there is no biography in our tongue—and the author has first-hand knowledge acquired in the Near East. He presents a life-like picture of the Ghazi Pasha, which gives us quite clearly the history of the extraordinary revolution he has wrought in the government, the habits and modes of thought and religion of the modern Turks. It is, indeed, a fantastic change, and it remains to be seen whether his successors can maintain it. Here in England we were misled from the first by Enver and his associates, and, until it was too late, reckoned him the rising power, although it is plain enough now that he was only another Kerensky. We were misled later by the sentimentalism of M. Venezelos, and its unfortunate influence on Mr. Lloyd George, who backed the wrong horse when he encouraged Greece to fight Mustapha Kemal. Mr. Wortham only touches slightly on that Coalition muddle, but allows himself the jest that if Mr. Lloyd George's statue does not stand in Angora to-day, it is only another proof of ingratitude in politics. For, unwittingly, he helped to make the modern Turkey, with theoretical assistance from Philip Kerr, now Lord Lothian.

To-day thirteen million Turks are ready to give at any rate the appearance of limitless obedience in everything to their demigod in Angora, who in a dozen years has led them from the Middle Ages and the picturesque rule of Allah to "the drab modern world of scientific materialism." Under his leadership, often ruthless, they have renounced their national heroes and their capital, changed their customs and costumes, their beliefs, the calendar, and their very language:

Even the Bolsheviks, who wear the tattered Imperial clothes inside out and still nurse the old Russian dreams of world dominion, lack in this respect the stern irreverence for the past of Mustapha Kemal, who has allowed no Imperialistic will-o'-the-wisp to deflect him from his path. He is surely the greatest radical in history.

There is at least one fly in the ointment, the poverty of the State. Obstinate refusing to sympathize with the Republican regime, the Turkish pound has fallen from a par value of 18s. 2d. to a florin. The homogeneous Turkey, freed from foreign control, is almost in financial straits, for the trading Greeks and Armenians were passed under the harrow,

and the modern Turk, in his Western clothes and bowler hat, has not yet learned how to succeed in business.

This, too, is the plight of modern Russia, reached by a different road, though little is said of it by Prince Mirsky in his curiously detached and scientific exposition of Lenin and his work. It is piquant that this member of the old society, now a lecturer in Russian Literature at King's College, should adopt the pro-revolutionary standpoint, and he gives us something in the nature of an apologia. His class has been destroyed by the revolution, and many of its survivors either cling to their old memories, or amalgamate with the middle classes of Europe:

But a minority have been able to profit by their having been thus "unclassed," and by the unsolicited opportunity of seeing European Capitalism not as guests, but as subjects, not as more or less moneyed tourists, but as more or less unemployed proletarians. This new situation disposed them to a greater sympathy for the working than the employing classes of the Capitalist world.

And in revising their originally hostile view of the Communist policy, such as these have been influenced by the fact that the Russian Communists have preserved the independence of their country from foreign intervention, and made of Russia a "cultural and political force" of universal significance:

The unique greatness of Lenin had already become a commonplace among all the younger *émigrés* of good faith by 1925, and his personality was the most powerful magnet that drew us nearer and nearer to Leninism.

This is an interesting phenomenon, and reminds me of some curious evidence offered by Mr. Lawton in his book on the Russian revolution. He showed that there were intelligentsia living in the utmost wretchedness in Russia who none the less wished to "stick it out," not only to see what would come of it all, but because they could not divest themselves of an ingrained loyalty to their country. The spirit of patriotism can persist even when it is broken on the wheel. In Turkey, while he was shaping it, Mustapha Kemal did not shrink from the occasional Star Chamber and Bloody Assize; in Russia, partly perhaps because of the restrictions on Press news, we often get the impression that it is all Star Chamber and Bloody Assize. There is nothing in Prince Mirsky's book to enable us to confirm or correct such impressions. But it does enable us to understand the reasons why a considerable section of the Labour Party in our own country are impatient of all such criticism, and still look on the terrible Russian experiment as the Avatar of the Labour State.

Here is unfolded the ruthless logic of Lenin's brain. To reach his end, the dictatorship of a victorious proletariat, he seemed to use the human instincts, desires or fears, individual or mass psychology, causes and effects, and fortuitous events, as though they were salts and tinctures in a laboratory, and he the chemist holding the test tube to the light to observe the action of each on each. And so difficult was the task—to eliminate the customs, and it may be prejudices, of accumulated centuries, which forbid the overthrow of individual capitalism—that only by a science that was cold blooded could it have been attained. The miracle is that enthusiasm can be evoked by such dictatorship.

A. P. NICHOLSON

Correspondents are asked to type or to write their letters on one side only of the paper. Very heavy pressure on space compels us also to request that they keep their letters as short as possible.

THE INCAS OF PERU

Ancient Civilisations of the Andes. By Philip Ainsworth Means. Scribner's. 30s.

THIS is a reasonably complete compendium and summary of all that is known and much that has been and is surmised concerning the peoples who inhabited South America before the time of the Spanish Conquests.

Mr. Means is to be congratulated on having devoted so much time on research into most known documents and objects which deal with this subject. He has threaded his way through a great mass of frequently contradictory evidence and hypotheses, placing impartially before the reader the gist of the evidence for or against each surmise.

For surmise is necessarily often the only base for theories as to the origins and political systems of peoples who had no knowledge of writing, even of the hieroglyphic kind, and therefore have left no inscribed records on the great buildings, fortresses or temples constructed in virtually all instances of enormous blocks of stone brought, no one knows how, from quarries as far distant as fifteen to twenty miles.

The ruins of these monumental buildings are evidence, and the only evidence other than legend and vague tradition—and very little of these—of the fact that several not inconsiderable separate or consecutive civilizations arose; these must have waned and completely disappeared long before even the foundation of the great Inca Empire, which was at the height of its widespread power at the time of the coming of the Spanish adventurers in the sixteenth century.

Modern authority appears to be agreed that man was not indigenous in America and that, therefore, as Mr. Means says, logically and obviously, he must have come there from somewhere.

As to the place of origin of the various American peoples, hypothesis and theory have long been rife and contradictory; but, except for the suggestion of one enthusiast who holds that all Mediterranean, and therefore subsidiary, civilization originated in lost Atlantis, the two theories which have in the past carried most weight were that which favoured emigration from Egypt and the other which considered the weight of evidence to be in favour of Asia as the place of origin of the wanderers, who, crossing from Siberia to Alaska by way of what now are the Aleutian Islands, but which, at an earlier period of the earth's conformation, formed a continuous belt of dry land connecting the two continents.

To-day, this latter theory is the more generally and authoritatively accepted. These migrants must have started many thousands of years ago, not in a body but in consecutive waves and at long intervals; driven to seek new ground in consequence of increase of population and shortage of food in the places of their origin. And those of them who finally arrived in the Andean regions of South America must have taken thousands of years more and countless generations to get there.

The evidence in favour of the theory of Egyptian origin includes the great skill of those peoples in the art of monolithic masonry and the fact that the practice of mummifying the dead bodies of at least sovereigns and other people of importance prevailed among the Incas.

On the other hand, native pottery and ceramic designs, generally, appear to bear traces of Mongolian influences.

The great stumbling-blocks in the way of both theories are the entire ignorance, above referred to, on the part of all these Andean peoples of the art of writing and that to none of them does the principle of the wheel appear to have been known.

From wherever they came, they brought the textile and ceramic arts with them, as they did the art of building. Why, then, not also writing and the wheel, whether from China or Egypt? A question which, probably, will for ever remain unanswered.

Mr. Means has collected and reproduced much interesting and informative matter in regard to the textile and ceramic arts of the Inca and pre-Inca peoples; and the book contains 223 illustrations, including one, in colour, which shows a splendid polychrome feather-work tunic; a blending of early Nazca and Tiahuanaco II designs.

The history of the art of all these peoples was the same. First crude representations of natural objects; then more conventional and symbolic ornamentation and, after this, geometric designs. With decadence the designs became more flamboyant and "true to life" again.

A word of justly deserved praise was offered to Mr. Means at the commencement of this review for the impartiality of his general treatment of the available evidence concerning these bygone civilizations. Unfortunately he cannot be credited with a similar impartiality or even moderation or good taste when dealing with the Spanish conquest: as the following single quotation will show. Referring to the reconstruction of a part of the Temple of the Sun, at Cuzco, as a Catholic church, Mr. Means says that much of this work was done "under the direction of Bishop don Vicente Valverde, the ecclesiastical ruffian who was so largely responsible for the death of Atahualpa, and who, in 1541, was so condignly punished, while journeying towards Spain, by being murdered by the Indians near the Island of Puna."

It is regrettable that this old and discredited version of what was entirely an act of necessary self-defence by Pizarro and his small party of followers should reappear in a volume of the importance of the present work. Poor Fray Vicente was in no way instrumental in bringing about and far less responsible for the execution of Atahualpa. All he did was naturally, and as a duty, to warn Pizarro concerning what he believed to be a murderous conspiracy engineered and headed by a man who had already murdered his own brother and indulged in an orgy of treacherous assassination of highly placed Inca personages and many other people, in his attempts wrongfully to seize the sovereignty at Cuzco. A man to be feared; certainly not one to be trusted.

ECONOMICS WITHOUT TEARS

Criticism and Other Addresses by Sir Josiah Stamp. Benn. 15s.

MR. ALDOUS HUXLEY, in a recent novel, disinterred from the records of psycho-analysis the case of a man whose mental abnormality was only discovered when, in reading out a passage from an ordinary official publication, he rendered it: "The be-what of the te-mother of the trothodoodoo"; and I have felt for a long time, in following the polemics of the many learned economists of the present day, that there is a great deal too much of the "be-what of the te-mother of the trothodoodoo" about their controversial methods. This view is fully confirmed by Sir Josiah Stamp's crystalline addresses. Many of us had suspected that jargon was unnecessary in stating an economic proposition; and I beg the army of pamphleteers, professional and other, who are to-day engaged in swamping the correspondence columns of the whole Press of the country, from *The Times* down to the *Bowler's Green Sentinel* and *War Whoop*, to take note that economics are the better for being written in plain English.

Sir Josiah Stamp possesses one of the most vigorous and best-informed minds of our time. If I cannot be quite sure that it is an original mind the fault lies a little with his present book. You do not always get the full measure of a man's mind from his work on his special subject. You may get all he has in him; and it may amount to genius. But the highest genius of all is the power to take your special subject and relate it to knowledge as a whole—to succeed in doing, for instance, what Clemenceau nearly did in 'Au soir de ma pensée.' I believe Sir Josiah Stamp has that kind of originality about him; but he does not really enable one to judge by republishing a collection of speeches. In his opening paper, delivered on the subject of Criticism, to the students of King's College, he deprecates the form of criticism that attacks a man for not achieving something that he never set out to do. That is a disarming beginning to a book that offers itself for criticism; but I refuse to be disarmed; and I do much regret that Sir Josiah did not set out to do more. What he has done is well enough: so good, in fact, that I feel fairly sure the world lost a great book when he resolved to be satisfied with republishing what were not prepared for the library but for the audience, rather than treat his speeches as so much raw material for something more permanent. Nor is it sufficient to promise in his preface that he will publish a further collection of "speeches and articles of a statistical and definitely financial character, and those dealing with the popular presentation of facts and principles connected with the social consequences of changes in prices and the gold standard." Let us have from one of the few men capable of it, a memorable addition to the literature of thought.

Meanwhile this book, as an appetizer before the fuller intellectual meal to which we will hope to sit down early, is one that nobody connected with public life should fail to obtain, not merely for reading but also for retention and reference. I particularly commend the papers on 'The Economic Outlook'; 'Industrial Unrest'; 'The Dilemma of Economic Choice'; and the very stimulating 'Financial Aspects of International Relations.' 'A Point of View,' originally prepared for broadcasting, cries out to be expanded into a volume; I think it was that paper more than anything else which gave me an inkling of the kind of book Sir Josiah might write if he chose. To anyone interested, as many of us are, in the relation of theology to the progress of scientific knowledge and modern economic thought, there is some stimulating comparison of Christian ethics and economics, including something I have never come across hitherto—an economic analysis of the Gospels. I commend also 'The Plain Man's Share in Scientific Progress.' In fact, there is not a dull article in the book. I have read them all; and I can say honestly that I mean to read them all again.

Two points in conclusion. In more than one place Sir Josiah touches on what is surely the most serious economic problem of our era—the problem of the appreciation of money debt in relation to falling price levels. "We have added," he says "well over £1,000,000,000 of real weight to the National Debt during the last few years by this cause alone." Have we not also added a comparable weight to the capital charges on industry generally—part, at least, whose difficulties must presumably arise from the appreciation of fixed charges? Now observe what Sir Josiah says about unrationalized industries: "What is wanting in many of these industries is for the banks to waive their particular obligations, which they are so anxious to keep intact and at full value in their balance sheets. They are reluctant to allow a few healthy bankruptcies" (my italics); "until that happens . . . there is a kind of riveting of the status quo. . . ." The point is this: if it is healthy for

overcharged industries to go bankrupt, is that also a solution for overcharged States (New South Wales, for instance)? And if not (and presumably not!) what is the way to unrivet the *status quo*? For Great Britain is in the direst necessity of finding out.

Secondly, Sir Josiah outlines the three things he would do if he were a Mussolini, namely (1) adjust wages in the sheltered and unsheltered industries, (2) link up the level of the "real wage" with the total production of the country, and (3) impose a central international control of gold supplies and credit. Amen to all three; but may we not be told how the last can (or could) be practically done? It is just possible that the League of Nations might be persuaded to promote international action to carry out a workable plan.

REGINALD BERKELEY

FASHION THROUGH THE AGES

Historic Costume: A Chronicle of Fashion in Western Europe 1490-1790. By Francis M. Kelly and Randolph Schwabe. Batsford. 25s.

A RECENT psycho-analytical work on the psychology of clothes has pointed out that their main function, historically and psychologically, would seem to be decorative. The need for protection, from climate, nature or fellow men, and the desire for modest concealment, are subsidiary and subservient. To-day it is the commonest knowledge that we all suffer from "repressions" and "inhibitions," and the gravest disorders, both individual and social, spring, we are told, from this deep-rooted though no longer hidden fact. A second enlarged and revised edition of the important work, 'Historic Costume' by Messrs. Kelly and Schwabe has appeared. Admirably concise and restrained in the letterpress, the illustrations and drawings show in detail the variations in costume during three hundred years. It is a full record of fashionable attire during that time and it would certainly seem to supply abundant evidence for the psycho-analytical contention. For during that long period men's dress, pre-eminently men's rather than women's, was regulated by desire from within and uncontrolled by the cast-iron uniformity imposed by economic conditions and the loss of individual freedom necessitated by the industrial system. In those times, as, indeed, in Fascist Italy to-day, status was something to be proud of, something inherent in human life, not something to be disguised at all costs so that each may claim, in however paltry a sense, to be better than his neighbour. This commonsense acceptance of facts allowed a freedom and a scope that to-day is almost inconceivable. Splendour, colour, ornament, style was sought, and served those innate human needs that are thwarted and suppressed in more modern times. The result shows how deep, various and strong those needs must have been, and indeed must still be, unless human nature has radically changed. If the psycho-analytical contention be true, this is not the case. The admirable plates in colour and the illustrations in half-tone show how prejudiced modern ideas have become about clothes, as prejudiced as ideas must always become after a long period of repression. Everything with regard to men's dress considered conventionally to-day to be most "effeminate"—a love of rich materials, decorative detail, pronounced style, attention (as distinguished from the merely cutting off) to the hair, beard and moustache so as to produce a decorative effect—is present and that during a long period whose achievements least merit such a term. Effeminacy surely, to a great extent, derives from unnatural conditions. How unnatural those conditions must be to-day is shown by the harshness of the judgment on what for centuries was taken as a matter of course.

It is interesting to note that heels, "cut high and straight," apparently came in about 1600 and petticoat-breeches and "divided-skirts" were a male fashion in the seventeenth century. Starched and dyed beards are also found about 1600. Paint, patches and false hair come earlier in the sixteenth century. There is a marvellous drawing of a German *andsknecht*, showing the utmost elaborateness of costume, that belongs to the early sixteenth century. Muffs and lace handkerchiefs were used during the seventeenth century and continued in use until late in the eighteenth. These, to us, are the more surprising details: valuable by the shock they give to the narrow notions of to-day.

It has seemed useful to dwell on men's dress, as here illustrated, rather than women's, for women clung to their rights when men surrendered them. But this has led to an usurpation which is unnatural and provokes conscious, and still more, unconscious reactions between the sexes that are harmful. Women no less than men would benefit if the lessons, both of history and psychology, in this matter were taken to heart. A return to greater equality in dress would tend to eliminate the masculine woman no less than the truly effeminate man.

A continuous illustration of costume, such as we have in this volume, during the three centuries before the French Revolution is of great value. Of necessity it has been confined to the fashionable, as distinguished from the military or ecclesiastical, attire of Western Europe. The letterpress confines itself to the necessary explanation of doubtful points in the illustrations, together with a short description of the various articles of clothing in use during the period.

FRANCIS HEATHCOTE

HOW TO READ SWINBURNE

Swinburne. By Samuel C. Chew. Murray. 15s.

WE could scarcely expect, just now, a sympathetic study of Swinburne from one of the younger generation, and therefore it is no surprise to hear that Professor Chew has spent twenty years upon this poet, and moreover that the book comes from America. It is in the nature of things that a man who excited extreme feelings by the work of his youth, who scandalized the uncles and who intoxicated their nephews, should reap a corresponding neglect fifty years later; but I shall always feel it to have been a misfortune that the volume upon Swinburne in the 'English Men of Letters' series did not appear until the poet had been dead for nearly twenty years, was not written until after the war, and was entrusted to one who, for all his sensitiveness, was more conscious of the reaction than of the original magic that had vanished. It was a sign, no doubt, of one behind the times and unaware of the extent of this reaction that I was astonished to find the volume in that series beginning with a long chapter called "the approach to Swinburne," for it had never occurred to me that such an effort of preparation was necessary. I cherish the occasion as one of my first sensations of old age! The point is that no one who has not felt, at one time and in his own youth, the extraordinary spell that Swinburne used to exercise upon young readers can ever write convincingly about him, for the motive simply will not be there. The reason why volumes in the 'English Men of Letters' series should never be delayed too long is that these books are the first studies to which the ordinary reader turns for details and illumination. Certainly, we expect zeal to be tempered with detachment. We do not expect justification or apology. How much more inspiring to turn to a contemporary, like Hardy, whose admiration survived the poet's death. Professor Chew was well inspired to quote one stanza;

a second that I will add to it may bring Swinburne back to life:

It was as though a garland of red roses
Had fallen about the hood of some smug nun
When irresponsibly dropped as from the sun,
In fulth of numbers freaked with musical closes,
Upon Victoria's formal middle time
His leaves of rhythm and rhyme.

I still can hear the brabble and the roar
At those thy tunes, O still one, now passed through
That fitful fire of tongues then entered new!
Their power is spent like spindrift on this shore;
Thine swells yet more and more.

That fire was first lit by John Morley in the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Professor Chew subordinates biography to criticism, and indeed no candid biography (such was the opposition of the family) will ever be possible unless Edmund Gosse's private record of the poet's habits ever becomes public, and unless Swinburne's unprintable squibs and burlesques survive to an age less shy of mere print than any that has appeared since the days of humanism. Professor Chew, moreover, admits and seems to feel the reaction himself, and he tries to gain sympathy by expatiating on the tragedies. The result is a sincere, capable, but scarcely an inspiring book. Mr. Chew writes, as it were, under a shadow. He is well worth reading, but the effect of his writing is not to impel the reader to try Swinburne eagerly for himself.

It must not be thought that the present writer fully preserves an adolescent fascination, but only that he remembers a great experience and is content with it while rarely returning to the poet, and, when returning, with a sense of satiety such as he never used to feel. To some tastes, Swinburne, like Hals, will seem too slick an artist. I have, however, a consolation and an equivalent which anyone can share who will read the best book ever written upon Swinburne, a book which is still too little known. The remarkable thing about 'A Study of Swinburne' by Mr. T. Earle Welby is this. Mr. Welby, once under the spell, is equally conscious of its passing, but he succeeds in reviving it for us. This he does by analysing the separate qualities out of which the famous effects were made, by insisting on the reality of abstract ideas to Swinburne, by pointing out the qualities which we now overlook, and by defining and co-ordinating the separate ideas—erotic, political—out of which Swinburne's faith grew. It is an astonishingly capable piece of work; and its effect is to make one extremely interested in Swinburne, and with genuine eagerness to read him once again. I do not say that such a fresh reading is entirely successful; but I do say that, if one cannot return to his poetry with all the old zest, one can return again and again to this admirable book about him. The chapter on the sources of Swinburne's prose is most interesting and original. Here is a quotation, that the reader may test for himself:

"Laus Veneris" . . . originated in the idea of Venus "grown diabolic in ages that would not accept her as divine." If Swinburne had not been so confidently summed up long ago, if people in general were not so sure that there is little for the intellect in the frenzied amorosness of the 'Poems and Ballads' one might be more hopeful of bringing home to them the simple truth that this idea is of higher value than nine-tenths of the ideas on which poets have been promoted or degraded into the company of philosophers or moralists. . . . I should suppose myself unfitted for the enjoyment of all poetry whatsoever if I had outgrown the book in the sense of having become irresponsible to the flushed beauty and pulsing metres of it.

In short, Mr. Welby meets the critics on the ground of their chosen objections, and he reminds them of qualities that they overlook: an undazzled disciple on the one hand, an original and perceptive critic on the other. For this reason I prefer 'A Study

of Swinburne' to any other study, and my respect is every whit as strong as it was in 1926 when 'A Study of Swinburne' appeared. A great writer who is in the shadow is a test of good criticism, and in this example of it you will find not only all the objections of other critics, but with them the answers, and the admissions also that honest criticism requires. For this reason no apology is needed for using Mr. Chew's agreeable pages as a bridge to an even more useful and extraordinary piece of work.

OSBERT BURDETT

SOME MORE SCRUTINIES

Scrutinies. Volume Two. By Various Writers. Collected by Edgell Rickword. Wishart. 7s. 6d.

UPON the appearance a decade or so ago of a caustically annotated bibliography of modern poetry, a now dead but not forgotten periodical remarked on it as a "Massacre of the Innocents." The phrase recurred to me when in 1928 I reviewed the first volume of Mr. Edgell Rickword's 'Scrutinies,' an examination by some ten or eleven younger writers of the work of their more eminent elders. Poor dears, I felt, what had these unfortunates—Barrie, Bennett, Galsworthy, Shaw, Wells, and the rest—done really to deserve this assault? Was eminence itself a crime? 'Scrutinies,' indeed!—I would rather have called it, 'If Looks Could Kill'; or, 'The Gorgon's Glance.' And yet they didn't kill; the subjects of these scornful surveys still carry on unchanged, unrepentant, and unperturbed. Perhaps that taught Mr. Rickword a lesson, for in calling his myrmidons about him to launch a second attack, he seems to have impressed upon them to some effect that hard hitting is not enough; the first duty of a critic is to be critical. The best of his original constellation—Miss Dorothy Edwards, Mr. Roy Campbell, and Mr. Robert Graves—do not reappear, but Mr. Alec Brown, Miss Mary Butts, and Mr. Jack Lindsay are comparable substitutes, and the general level, despite one or two lapses (Mr. Peter Quennell on D. H. Lawrence, and Mr. Christopher Saltmarsh on Lytton Strachey), is decidedly higher. Most of the essays, in fact, are genuine scrutinies, which may make them harder going than the coconut-shy exhibition of the earlier series, but offers a much more substantial reward for those who will stay the course.

One reason for the improvement is fairly obvious. It is the nature of the young to revolt against their elders, and to turn even the latter's virtues into faults. But when, as now, the subjects of their study are not their fathers and grandfathers, but only their elder brothers, the case is altered. For these have been—often still are—their own leaders and heroes, have fought in the same battle and against the same foe. T. S. Eliot, Aldous Huxley, James Joyce, Wyndham Lewis, the Sitwells, Virginia Woolf—all still range restlessly the outer court of the Temple of Fame; they have still to find their secure niche, and there is honour yet to be won in raising their standards aloft before all men. (It is only when some chance of life or death has settled some unexpectedly early acceptance upon these younger men—as in the cases of Lawrence and Lytton Strachey—that the old instinct asserts itself to slaughter and gives no mercy.) Therefore one is not surprised that the subjects of the present essays should be more leniently treated than those of the first series. What is a little surprising, and altogether to the writers' credit as critics, is that they should as a body so frankly set side by side with the praise of their subjects' talents their dissatisfaction with the fruits of those talents, not only in literature but in music and painting. They cry aloud for Life, Life! but where they would drink the strong wine of "bloodwarmth

and bloodbitterness," they feel themselves put off with the thin vinegar of the intellect. "He has been a great ice-breaker, and his ridicule has scorched up many pretentious shams. But latterly his energy has been spent in a reckless way; one is reminded of a powerful man tormented by gnats." Mr. Rickword writes those words of Wyndham Lewis, but in one way or another it is what the other essayists have to say of Joyce, Eliot, Huxley, even Mrs. Woolf. One and all are exhibited as potential first-raters who under the influence of the spirit of the age have developed an impediment in their psyches. How it may be overcome most of the writers attempt to suggest—in particular Mr. Brian Penton and Mr. Gilbert Armitage, who generalize on the modern novel and modern poetry respectively.

But it is impossible to mention all the essays or even all the contributors by name. I remember that when the first series appeared I recommended it to all persons capable of thinking for themselves; I repeat that recommendation now. Some of it is bound to irritate anyone, but I am sorry for the reader who cannot find interest and merit in much of it.

GEOFFREY WEST

CO-OPERATION WHILE WE WAIT

Year Book of Agricultural Co-operation. Edited by The Horace Plunkett Foundation. Routledge. 10s. 6d.

THE divine far-off event towards which agriculture moves is, if Sir Horace Plunkett, the Nestor of agricultural councils, be correct, co-operation. To hasten its advent he established and endowed the useful Foundation that bears his name, with headquarters at Doughty Street and correspondents in all parts of the world, but the work carried on is not nearly so well known as it should be. A 'Year Book of Agricultural Co-operation' is the most significant effort of this Foundation. Edited by the staff and published by the house of Routledge, the information so admirably summarized has interest and value, both for the practical farmer and the student of agricultural problems.

Few people realize how steadily, year by year, the co-operative idea enlarges its appeal. The Thirteenth International Co-operative Congress held in Vienna last year was attended by delegates from Danish, Hungarian and Russian societies; Latvia, Jugo-slavia, Iceland, India, Turkey and parts of Central Asia were represented; so, too, were the Canadian Wheat Pools and the French Federation of Co-operation and Agricultural Credit. An effort was made by the delegates to bring producer and consumer co-operative organizations into friendly relation, an aim advanced at the International Co-operative Congress held in Stockholm three years ago. We are told that organizations of consumers and producers throughout the world are doing business together that has already an annual value of one hundred million pounds. The International Co-operative Alliance is in touch with the League of Nations, and an International Co-operative Parliament will assemble in London three years hence.

Co-operation varies the direction of its effort in accordance with the needs of each country. In Denmark, the producers are organized, in England the consumers; our producers are slow to move and their movements are hampered or threatened by the middleman. As on the land, so at sea. There are fishermen's co-operative organizations in twenty-two countries including our own, but while there are over 200,000 co-operators among the world's fishermen, this country, for all her wealth of waters, has barely one per cent. of the total. Our Fisheries Organization Society only came into being in the year of the Great War; Brazil can boast ten times the number of fisher-

men members of co-operative societies. In the United States, agricultural co-operation, which owes a great part of its progress to the vision of one man, Mr. Aaron Sapiro, is spreading to every branch of production, from wool to walnuts, but at a slower pace than the needs of the times demand. Even in Canada, where the Wheat Pool has fallen on evil days, co-operation is preferred to disorganization; in New Zealand, we are told, the co-operative companies among primary producers will stand the strain of falling prices and increased cost of production. Throughout South Africa, India, the Malay States, the movement grows. Co-operation is said to be the most important factor in the prosperity of French North Africa; there are upwards of 250 co-operative societies in Algeria alone. In the Netherlands of the Dutch East Indies, co-operators multiply. Greece and Bulgaria are building up their shattered fortunes by co-operative effort. Germany, Switzerland and Denmark follow scientific methods; Albania, Chile, Ecuador are among the countries that have dealt with co-operation by the aid of the legislature in the past year.

ICONOCLASTIC HISTORY

Napoleon. By Werner Hegemann. Constable. 18s.

IN a previous volume Herr Hegemann depreciated to his own satisfaction the character and career of Frederick the Great, and, having tasted blood in this manner, he has now turned his attention to the even greater Corsican. His method is an ingenious one, for it is to piece together in the form of a conversation among the authors concerned what the various biographers and historians have at one time or another said of the French Emperor. By this means, and with the addition of a background painted in by his own masterly hand, Herr Hegemann has succeeded in making Napoleon seem very ordinary indeed. So much is this the case that one almost wonders at times that these distinguished scholars should have bothered themselves with the career of so insignificant a mortal. In short, if the aim of modern biography is to decry the great, then the present author must rank very high, for he has filled over five hundred pages with cheap sneers at one of the leading figures in history.

At the same time, is this the best way to arrive at the truth? The French Emperor, it is true, has at one time or another been greatly over-rated, but there is a real danger of running to the other extreme. After all, even Homer nodded, and by stringing together all his weaknesses and all his most reprehensible acts one can arrive at an interpretation of Napoleon which, although based upon what is true, does not in its final form bear much resemblance to the real man. The individual who dines rather too well occasionally is not therefore necessarily a drunkard, but the friend who only happens to meet him after these celebrations might justifiably come to such a conclusion. So it is with Herr Hegemann's book. All the statements about Napoleon are doubtless correct, but the result of reading them is not to give a true idea of the man. He did have the Duc d'Enghien shot, and he did seduce Maria Walewska, but he was not only a murderer and an adulterer.

Too many recent biographers, the present author apparently being among the number, are so intent upon this or that characteristic of their subject that they never view him as a whole. Not a foible of Napoleon has escaped Herr Hegemann, and his learning is little short of amazing, but he has not given us the French Emperor. The reader who perseveres with this book to the end will become a veritable encyclopædia of Napoleonic lore, but he will need more than the assistance of its author if he is to estimate correctly the place to which Napoleon is entitled in history.

JAMES LINDSAY

WOMEN'S WAY

Valiant Ladies. By Clifford Bax. Mundanus. 3s. 6d.

The Man Who Pays the Piper. By G. B. Stern. Heinemann. 3s. 6d.

The Old Folk of the Centuries. By Lord Dunsany. Elkin Mathews and Marrot. 7s. 6d.

MR. BAX, in collectively labelling his three plays to the three fair protagonists who provide the themes and the titles of the plays. No one will quarrel with the aptness of this description of 'The Immortal Lady,' the Countess of Nithsdale, to whose intrepidity and resource her husband owed his remarkable escape from his condemned cell in the Tower in 1716. But the other heroines, Bianca Cappello ('The Venetian'), who died of the poison she intended for her brother-in-law, Cardinal Ferdinando de Medici, and Katherine Howard ('The Rose Without a Thorn'), Henry the VIII's penultimate wife, belong to the category of women to whom the euphemistic epithet "frail" is more usually applied. But frail or not, women can be as tenacious and as fearless in pursuit of their design as men; and Mr. Bax, observing his heroines with a romantic eye, is concerned with their resolution and not with their morality.

The plays move forward directly and unflinchingly from the opening to the final curtain; the situations are presented with effect; the characters are clearly drawn; and the historical backgrounds are convincingly indicated. In other words, these plays are admirable additions to the repertory of historical drama. 'The Immortal Lady,' especially in the last Act, is the strongest in suspense; 'The Rose Without a Thorn' is distinguished by an excellent portrait of Henry; but the finest play of the collection is 'The Venetian,' the fabric of which is woven not alone of the threads of Bianca's particular story, but is enriched by a philosophical strain which touches on the universal issues of life and death.

Mr. Bax has done well to employ the medium of straightforward modern prose, which he handles with ease and assurance; though there are not wanting hints that at times his Pegasus has yearned to leave the plains for the slopes of Helicon. That may account for one or two places where the dialogue droops instead of rising to the occasion: notably on page 295, where Lady Nithsdale, imploring her husband to hazard his escape, addresses him prosily to almost the whole length of the page; whereas her appeal should have been tense, hurried and brief. A word of congratulation is due to Mundanus and to Mr. Victor Gollancz on their enterprise in offering three new full-length plays for the price of one play.

Miss Stern's play, which also centres round a "valiant" lady, deserved better fortune on the stage. The dialogue has force and humour and the theme, that the man who pays expects to call the tune, is unhackneyed and interesting. The "man" in this case is Daryll Fairley, who for fourteen years supports her family on the proceeds of the dressmaking establishment which she controls. The weakness of the play is in the psychology of the last Act. Daryll, who during two Acts has shown herself capable and masterful at home and in her business, at once becomes and remains for two years a submissive wife; and only learns from a chance disclosure that the business has been neglected in her two years' absence.

Lord Dunsany's charming but slight fantasy is about a little city boy who is happier as a butterfly in the woods, and is apparently intended for a youthful audience. But surely the author was nodding when he made a small boy say: "He seemed happier than a boy ought to be."

MARK SEGAL

MATERNAL MORTALITY

Save the Mothers. By E. Sylvia Pankhurst. Knopf. 6s.

THE first half of Miss Pankhurst's book, which sets out to prove the need for a free maternity service in this country, draws attention to the disastrous neglect of motherhood so long accepted with complacency by the public and with resignation by the mothers. This neglect, she points out, "was as grievous an injury to women as any they suffered in the dark period of their political and social subjection."

Few readers will deny the urgent need of a remedy for the present half-civilized care of childbirth which Miss Pankhurst so graphically pictures, but opinions are likely to differ widely with regard to the form which that remedy should take. In her most constructive chapter Miss Pankhurst sets forth her own scheme for a National Maternity Service, and by way of comparison appends other plans for improving the facilities available to mothers, such as those drawn up by the British Medical Association, the Medical Women's Federation, the Midwives' Joint Committee, the Labour Party, and the Departmental Committee on Maternal Mortality.

The basis of Miss Pankhurst's scheme is the compulsory attendance at every birth of a qualified medical practitioner, working in co-operation with, and not as an alternative to, the midwife. This anxiety to see the control of maternity placed entirely in expert hands has already been much criticized in quarters concerned more with the midwife's interests than with the patient's, but from mothers themselves Miss Pankhurst is likely to receive considerable support for her view that six or even twelve months' training is not a sufficient qualification to meet all the emergencies which may arise in a confinement.

VERA BRITTAIN

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SHORTER NOTICES

Intelligent Revolt. By Dora E. Hecht. Rider. 3s. 6d.

'INTELLIGENT REVOLT' is a collection of essays that are more intelligent than intelligible. Miss Dora Hecht is suffering from a species of intellectual indigestion and her essays seem to hint at a greater erudition than she is able to express. Alternatively, she is suppressing knowledge which she possesses and writing down to a lower level than that at which her mind is working. She is not certain of the degree of intelligence that she should assume in her readers; hence much of what she says is quite incomprehensible. She lacks clarity, but this is mainly because she assumes that revolt is normal and then attempts to show the intellectual cause for it, whereas in reality, revolt is only a consequence, sometimes long delayed, of fundamental intellectual change. She has arguments, but in few cases does she carry her argument to its logical conclusion. She has ideas, and ideas that are profound, but either they are not worked out at all or the working out is only superficial.

Everyman's Encyclopædia. Dent. 5s. 6d. each.

'EVERYMAN'S ENCYCLOPÆDIA' was a handy and useful reference library that was in constant use in many homes and offices before the war, but which ran out of print during or just after the war period. It has now been completely and thoroughly revised and enlarged, and the first two of the twelve volumes are before us. Wherever we have tested them, they are competent, concise and accurate; their form makes them convenient to handle, and the print, though small, is clear.

Glimpses of High Politics. By N. V. Tcharykow. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

THIS is an eminently readable book, even if it does not contain much that is new. The author writes in an attractive manner of old Russia, and gives an account of his own experiences in the Russo-Turkish War and in Central Asia, where he was Political Agent in Bokhara. The volume shows clearly how the idleness which the autocracy imposed upon the nobles ruined them in the end, while one can trace the growth of obscurantism at the top during the reigns of the later Romanoffs: opinions which would have been tolerated by Alexander I would have caused their holders to be sent to Siberia by Alexander III. The author, who died last year, very truly says that the land question is the real problem of Russia, and that the Bolsheviks have failed to solve it as signally as did the old Czarist regime. The general reader will find that he can extract a good deal of miscellaneous information from this book with the minimum of trouble to himself.

The Dynamics of Industrial Combination. By H. A. Marquand. Longmans. 12s. 6d.

"OUR whole argument goes to show that, though the perfection of the joint-stock form of ownership has provided an exceedingly flexible instrument for the co-ordination and rationalization of industrial effort, yet one of the greatest obstacles to harmonious economic development is the temptation of the financier to engage in manipulations, yielding him pecuniary gain, but impairing future technological efficiency." Thus Mr. Marquand in his final chapter on 'Social Control,' after tracing the development of trusts and cartels, horizontal and vertical combinations, and the advantages and limitations of such industrial affiliations, arrives at the vitally significant issue of financial direction of industry and assesses with balanced deliberation but candour the merits and demerits of present methods of capitalization. A book which may be read with edification by capitalists and socialists alike.

THE "SATURDAY" COMPETITIONS
NEW SERIES—XXVIII

A. The SATURDAY REVIEW offers a First Prize of Eight Guineas and a Second Prize of Five Guineas for the two best Poems submitted on the Ascension of Christ.

The poems may be written either in rhyme or blank verse; they may use any metre or stanza, and be of any length.

They may be cast either in the form of a narration purporting to relate an actual event as it appeared to an eye-witness, or in mystical vein as a meditation on Ascension Day.

An attempt will be made to give one prize to a narrative poem, and the other to a mystical poem; but should two poems of outstanding merit be submitted in one kind, and the entries prove disappointing in the other kind, the judge will have absolute discretion in the matter of award.

Competitors are advised to adopt a pseudonym, and to enclose their name and address in a sealed envelope. The poems must be accompanied by a coupon, which will be found in this or any subsequent issue.

The SATURDAY REVIEW can accept no responsibility for MSS. lost or delayed in the post.

The closing date for this competition will be Monday, June 29, and it is hoped to announce the results in August.

B. A clergyman who is the rector of a famous and beautiful, but much dilapidated, church has pledged his personal credit with his Bishop and the diocese to raise a large sum of money for its restoration, repair and necessary enlargement.



THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

YOU will remember the moral of this fable. A single stick is of little avail by itself and is easily broken, but many bound together afford real strength and protection. "Union is Strength."

Similarly the saving of a small annual sum like a single stick is of but little use in cases of emergency. Life Assurance on the other hand is the exact converse of this. The moment the first deposit is made the maker becomes possessed of a strong and unbreakable bundle. He creates a capital at once and pays for it afterwards stick by stick.

A postcard asking for Fable No. 4 (A.E.) addressed to any of the Standard's Offices will bring you an illustrated leaflet giving Aesop's fable in full, and you will see how the moral of the fable is exemplified in the case of a

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Unfortunately, the response to his appeals is totally inadequate, and he is in the depths of despair when he receives a letter from a wealthy lady, offering not only to defray the total cost but also to establish an endowment fund and to augment the stipend.

The letter is, however, furnished with a postscript which states that a necessary condition of accepting the gift is that the present rector offer marriage to the donor; that he need have no fear of being refused, but that he must reply to this offer within forty-eight hours.

As the rector hardly knows the lady, and, moreover, entertains no feelings for her other than those suited to any rector towards any member of his congregation, he is placed in an embarrassing situation. In this perplexity, the SATURDAY REVIEW offers two prizes of One Guinea and Half a Guinea for the two best letters, of not more than 300 words, in which the rector replies to this offer. The replies may be either in the negative or affirmative.

The closing date for this competition will be April 27, and the result will be announced in May.

RESULT OF COMPETITION XVI

In the year 2031 the reincarnated Professor Saintsbury published a critical essay in the SATURDAY REVIEW discussing the quality and content of English literature in the thirty years following the death of Queen Victoria. In the course of his survey he mentions (a) authors who were popular and famous at the time, but who have since been forgotten by all except professors and students of letters; and (b) those authors whose fame has survived the century.

Unfortunately the brilliant and incisive judgment of the reincarnated Professor Saintsbury is not at the moment available, and in order to anticipate history the SATURDAY REVIEW offers a prize of ten guineas for the best essay of not more than 2,000 words on this subject.

It is recognized that in the process of reincarnation the literary style which Professor Saintsbury has made his own may have suffered some slight change or metamorphosis, and competitors need not, therefore, apply themselves to imitate too slavishly the Professor's form of prosody. But they will be expected to preserve something at least of his fearlessness and integrity of judgment; to strive, in fact, to follow the spirit rather than the letter.

JUDGE'S REPORT

The quality of the entries was very high indeed, and in consequence the awarding of the prize was no easy matter. Competitors had no great opinion of modern literature, though, curiously enough, with very few exceptions they confined their review of it to fiction and poetry: indeed, Old Trident refused to consider anything other than poetry. Shaw, Wells and Galsworthy came badly out of the test, and Arnold Bennett not much better, while James Joyce has apparently greater claim to immortality than one would have suspected. On the whole, however, Bridges received more votes than any other writer of the period, with Samuel Butler, for 'The Way of All Flesh,' and Henry James as runners-up, though it is to be noted that neither of the last two is other than just technically qualified for inclusion, for Henry James was only naturalized shortly before his death, while 'The Way of All Flesh' was merely published in the present century. Of the individual entries, Samon did not project himself into the future sufficiently, though his erudition was wonderful. Ovid's English was too difficult even for a reincarnated Professor Saintsbury, while Jesrad did not keep up the standard he had obviously set himself. Denvil is highly commended. The prize goes to W. G.

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—X—

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BT

THE WINNING ENTRY

As Devil's Advocate, I find it my unpleasant duty to begin by chronicling the fact that the Universities of this country, during the first three decades of the twentieth century, performed the same humble function as throughout previous ages. It has always been their part to supply the First Lord, the Second Citizen, and, not infrequently, the Chorus of Rioters, while the principal rôles have been coolly annexed by a runaway lad from Warwickshire, a London bricklayer, a Bedford tinker, a boy from a blacking factory, a Cockney draper's assistant, an Indian newspaper man, a provincial architect, a Stoke solicitor's clerk and an Irish journalist.

It is my part, not to apportion the responsibility for this melancholy state of affairs, but merely to indicate that he who grubs among the British Museum catalogues of books issued between 1900 and 1930 will find there the enormous output of those who took a good degree and were at no conspicuous pains to hide the fact, and of those who did not take a good degree and—such is the perversity of the scribbler's mind—made no attempt to conceal their shame. It is hardly necessary to say that few of those books appear on booksellers' counters, or even on the shelves of university libraries. Who—except the embittered theologian—knows that a contentious Frenchman named Belloc condemned his opponents (in the intervals of teaching the doubtful battle where to rage) to the lowest pit? If his beliefs were no better founded than his military prophecies, those opponents are still unscorched. Who—except the yawning annotator—knows that Gilbert Chesterton combined the worship of Bacchus with a more recent faith? Who—except the historical muckraker—knows that John Buchan shed much ink in the defence of our ancestors' hearths and homes, in the shape of interminable propagandist romances, carefully illustrated with maps wherever possible? Whose imagination is now stirred by the fact that a trinity of Sitwells proclaimed—through a megaphone—their mission to reform English verse, in which unnatural feat, as Mr. Micawber might observe, they were aided and abetted by a host of lesser versifiers whose frantic wriggles to achieve publicity must have resembled the boiling-up of a disturbed ant hill? Who was Masefield? Who was Sassoon? Who was Doyle, and why was he knighted? Who were Wallace, and Gould, and Frankau, and Hutchinson, and Bowen, and Graves? (For the benefit of the curious, I may mention that they were best-sellers, in the jargon of a century ago. No further comment on the literary taste of the age is needed.)

Of all the struggling host, less than a score survive. There is one dramatist, Shaw, and one essayist, Inge. There are two poets, Hardy and Bridges. There are six or seven writers of fiction—Wells, Bennett, Kipling, Montague, Barrie—who also wrote plays, though few are aware of it—and the two Irish writers who passed under the names of Somerville and Ross. There is one German writer, Feuchtwanger, the translation of whose book, 'Jew Süß,' has become an English classic. And there is the jewel of the century, the 'M.G. Collection.'

It is rather odd that the only two plays of Shaw which are now staged should be those which deal with religious problems—'St. Joan' and 'Androcles.' His other plays are printed—far too often. Every year sweating professors of literature contrive, with much ingenuity, to set questions on them which have not been set before, and, a little later in the year, newly capped graduates dispose of their copies to the secondhand booksellers. 'The Devil's Disciple' and 'Arms and the Man' have taken their station on the dusty shelves with 'Titus Andronicus' and 'As You Like It.' Shaw has been saved because he twice held the mirror up to religion—that is, to the

reactions of the human mind to what it conceived to be religion.

Inge lives, and will live, so far as I can see, as long as the English race retains its common sense, of which he is the embodiment. Even the well-meant activities of the Anglo-Saxon Folk Movement Society have not harmed him. He is proof against stunts. He represents the informed and reformed John Bull, a John Bull without his prejudiced insularity, but with all the original doggedness, shrewdness, pride of race, strength of purpose—a Doctor Johnson without boorishness, a Macaulay without pedantry. (By the way, how many know that there was once another and a female Macaulay? Tom Macaulay was a book in breeches. Rose Macaulay was not a book at all, though she wrote many. Why, I have no idea.)

Of the two poets, Bridges is an annual university victim: there is enough of him to cut and come again—a dreeping roast, as the legal gentleman in Stevenson observes, but Hardy! He is taboo. (Journalists will please look up the real meaning of the word.) Professors sometimes hold forth on him—I own with shame to having done so myself—but no one sets questions on him. As well run the impertinent tape over Stonehenge, or thrust a thorn through Leviathan's nostril. We read him, as we read the Book of Ecclesiastes, but we recoil from turning him into a set book. *Esto perpetua!*

Wells, like Goldsmith, seems to have written much that has perished, and a little that endured. At his worst, he was a good craftsman, though a violent one. At his best, he was a reincarnated Dickens. His 'Kipps' and 'Polly' are more than invaluable social records. They are inspired studies of human nature. Carshot, Buggins, Shalford, the unique Mr. Coote, the very king and prince of snobs, the fat woman at the Potwell Inn, the reformed uncle

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with a thorough knowledge of broken-bottle warfare, all these are the stuff of comedy. The Folkestone drapery establishment and the Potwell Inn, like the tavern yard at Rochester, are a part of English literature. Like Shakespeare, like Dickens, Wells is no niggard with his thumbnail portraits. Such a short story as 'The Man Who Could Work Miracles' shows us what he might have been if the propagandist demon had not entered into him. As for his later works—well, peace be with them! 'Joan and Peter' is, I understand, set frequently as a textbook by those shameless institutions which issue Diplomas in Education. The responsibility is theirs.

Wells was—in his earlier years, at any rate—a mischievous urchin with a flashlight. Bennett was a patient observer with a microscope. That he sometimes used the microscope to examine dunghills does not lessen its power. The century has been merciful to him. It has expunged the Grand Babylon, the Blue Train, the steam yachts, and left the 'Old Wives' Tale' and most of the other Five Towns stories. Probably Bennett would concur, for he seems to have been a very level-headed person, with no illusions about anything—certainly not about his reading public.

With Kipling's early work I have nothing to do here. His later stories, at their best, are among the finest in this or any other language. When his magic worked, it was magic of the largest size and the most indubitable veracity. But sometimes it did not work. The spell was wrongly recited, and the spirit, being summoned, rent the unhappy sorcerer. The curious may read his wartime stories and marvel. Montague, quite as good a craftsman, on the other hand, found his inspiration in war, though, unlike Kipling, he was essentially a man of peace. 'Rough Justice' is great, but 'Fiery Particles' is incomparably greater. I like to think of Shakespeare and Montague, in the Elysian Fields, chuckling over Claude and the beautifully tailored young gentleman who put Hotspur's back up. It is a good thing, however, that Montague did not give us a Hotspur. He would have been a Balliol man, a pacifist and an insufferable prig. For most of us, Barrie is 'Sentimental Tommy.' It stands out as the finest piece of work, of its kind, since Stevenson. But why is the 'Window in Thrums' not read now? Or 'Peter and Wendy'? Or even the 'Auld Licht Idylls'? They are as good as most things Stevenson wrote.

Feuchtwanger owes his survival, I think, chiefly to his translator. Of Somerville and Ross there is no need to speak. Would that they had written more! On my bookshelf I have the great comic books of the race—'Pickwick,' 'Sentimental Tommy,' the 'Irish R. M.' and 'Huckleberry Finn.' I keep a place for Wales, but so far there are no candidates. I must fill up with Fluellen and Sir Hugh.

Now I come to the last book on my list—the 'M. G. Collection.' A few years ago the commercial manager (or whatever his proper title is—I have no skill in these matters) hunting through dusty files, discovered that that estimable newspaper used to publish short stories, articles and sketches on its back page. The authors were for the most part unknown, except for their initials. What a Golconda he found! Here were the works of the men who scorned publicity, who lived hidden from the literary "circles," who turned out their thousand words apiece as the monk might turn out his illuminated missals—not for glory, not for profit, but for bread and salt—and the satisfaction of doing their job rightly. The best of them were reissued, and in some cases details of the authorship have been found. But most of these splendid writers, who have painted such a just, such a vigorous picture of their age, will ever remain nameless, like the architects of the Pyramids, the builders of the Acropolis. Better so!

W. G.

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CROSS WORD PUZZLE—XXIV

"HIDDEN QUOTATION"

BY MOPO

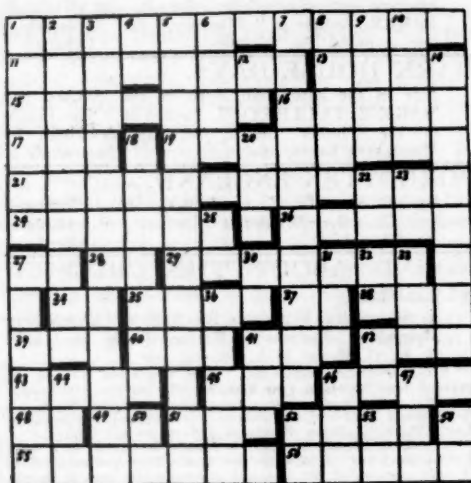
A weekly prize of any book reviewed or advertised in the current issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW, not exceeding half a guinea, will be given for the first correct solution opened. The name of the book selected must be enclosed with the solution; also the full name and correct postal address of the competitor.

Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following publication. Envelopes must be marked "Cross Word" and addressed to the Cross Word Editor; SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, W.C.2.

The following numbers form a quotation from a modern poet, viz.:

45, 54, 30, 29, 28, 46d, 56, 34, 33 rev.,
52a, 26, 49, 27d, 32 rev., 46a, 31, 1d.

The clues to some of these words are missing.



QUOTATION AND REFERENCE.

Across.

CLUES.

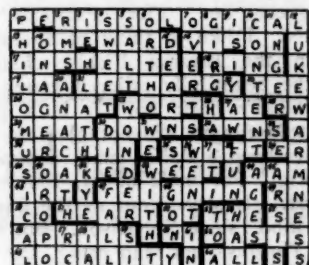
1. Caesar said that because the queen was a child she must not be this.
11. "So sung they, and the ——— rung
With halleluiahs. Thus was Sabbath kept."
13. Windy before 12.
15. Prehistoric man was often a this.
16. "Prince, prelate, potentate and peer" were this by each deadly sin.
17. Cross me for an evergreen tree.
19. Unusual form of oily liquid useful for preserving timber.
21. Action brought by a defendant against the plaintiff.
24. An old blackamoor.
27. If I am married to 22 rev. our son will be a bond of union.
28. See 9.
29. Dryfesdale said that he must execute that which was this of him millions of years before
34. See 23.
35. Backward variety of 36.
37. See 39.
38. A groom with 33. rev.
39. Singular brainy "Mopoism" after 37 rev. that would be made from a coarse linen fabric.
- 40 rev. Give me the tail of 33 and that will be mine at any rate.
41. Old cut that makes a gentle bend in timber.
42. I am shining after 32 rev.
- 43 and 48. A Christmas mummer.
45. Three-quarters of a cask that makes a whole one by inversion.
49. See 42d.
51. I am allied to a loon when I am united to 32 rev.
52. Sand me to find the root of a million.
55. Exchange of salutation.

56. "Were we not born under Taurus?"
"Taurus! That's sides and ———."
"No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper."

Down.

1. "For every man has business and ———, such as it is."
2. The state of being full.
3. A great feature on Lord Mayor's day.
4. See 42d.
5. Information in advance that may result in a "wroken pledge."
6. "Hark, where my blossomed ——— tree in the hedge leans to the field and scatters on the clover blossoms and dewdrops."
7. Evidently the men in Balthasar's song were this.
8. Next in dialect.
9. I am entirely after 28 (two words).
10. I want to absorb a hundred to become one of the chosen ones, though I might make a list of candidates with manipulation.
12. See 13.
14. Confusion as to this is the theme of a famous comedy.
18. Mangy.
20. See 25.
22. See 27a.
23. I ruffle after 50 rev. but only trifle after 34 rev.
25. To fasten with 20 or a pin.
27. If the poet is right, man must be the this woman.
30. I am to be produced with 41d.
31. I am 52a's.
32. See 42a and 51.
33. See 38.
36. Game for three.
41. See 30.
42. Nursemaid after 4, but a patriarch after 49.
44. You are not advised to vary this exercise or it may result in sorrow.
47. Indian ox that has been beheaded.
50. See 23.
- 53 and 52. Imprecation.
54. This little tree is growing upside down.

SOLUTION OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXII



QUOTATION.

Homeward over the downs we went
Soaked to the heart with sweet content;
April's anger is swift to fall,
April's wonder is worth it all.

Henry Newbolt, 'The Adventurers'

NOTES.

Across.

13. R. L. Stevenson's 'Requiem.'
19. Laager.
21. 'Coriolanus,' IV, 5.
28. 'Our Mutual Friend,' ch. 4.
29. C. Marlowe, 'The Passionate Shepherd,' V.
34. Hood, 'Irish Schoolmaster.'
39. Erse.
43. 'Faerie Queene,' I, iii, 6.
44. Aamot.
47. 'As You Like It,' II, 7.
49. R(e)l(n), and r(ea)n.
50. "Bald as a coot."
51. Hy. Kirke White, 'Seclusion.'
62. One of the lost oases of Libya that have been rediscovered.

Down.

1. 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' II, 2.
2. Harms.
4. Goldsmith, 'Deserted Village.'
6. Figure with all its angles right angles.
7. 'Othello,' I, 3.
8. Grig or cricket.
10. Thos. Dekker, 'Sweet Content.'
14. Anag. of "orange."
21. 'Romeo and Juliet,' I, 4.
30. Gray's 'Elegy.'
35. Crises, if read backward.
38. "All the fun of the fair."
54. Halse.
61. Inia.

RESULT OF CROSS WORD PUZZLE No. XXII

The winner is Dr. C. H. D. Robbs, Grantham, who has chosen for his prize 'Mr. Cardonnel,' by H. C. Bailey. (Ward Lock, 7s. 6d.)

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ACROSTICS

PUBLISHER'S PRIZE

The firms whose names are printed on the Competition Coupon offer a Weekly Prize in our Acrostic Competition—a book reviewed, at length or briefly, in that issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW in which the acrostic appears.

RULES

1. The book must be chosen when the solution is sent.
2. It must be published by a firm in the list on the coupon, its price must not exceed a guinea, and it must not be one of an edition sold only in sets.
3. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.
4. Envelopes must be marked "Acrostic" and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.
5. Solutions must reach us not later than the Thursday following the date of publication.
6. Ties will be decided by lot.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 472

(CLOSING DATE: First post Thursday, April 23)

NAMES WHICH RECALL A WRITER OF THE WEST
WHOSE "SKETCH-BOOK" STORIES ARE AMONG HIS BEST.
(THE HERO OF A TALE, AND HIS ABODE,
FAR FROM THE TURMOIL OF THE PUBLIC ROAD).

1. Such living plays the deuce with daddy's hard-earned cash.
2. More lives than theirs may they who hazard feats too rash.
3. In search of this it was old Doctor Syntax went.
4. Of import vast in France, but not in Cork or Kent.
5. One-half is quite enough: the whole no mortal wishes.
6. By hers Britannia ruled the kingdom of the fishes.
7. This Light a spectre fills, though spectres love the shade.
8. From simple soul remove a coin in U.S. made.
9. I'm one of nine well known to all who've learnt addition.
10. In German health-resorts it holds a high position.
11. A word Jack-Tars affect, of foreign tongues when talking.
12. Halve what, where hills abound, may well be worth some walking.

Solution of Acrostic No. 470

B	attle-ax	E	1 The Middle Kingdom is the native
A	rquebu	S	name for China.
C	hop-stick	S ¹	2 Spanish wine-shops, called Bodegas,
BO	deg	A ²	are common in London and other
N	osega	Y	large towns.
S	orceres	S	3 Ale and gingerbeer mixed.
E	x	Odus	4 "When wild in woods the noble
S	handygaf	F ³	savage ran."—Dryden.
S	avag	E ⁴	5 Luke ii, 8-10.
A	nge	L ⁵	6 A chain of mountains with serrated
AY	nops	I ⁶	ridges, such as the Sierra Morena.
S	ierr	A ⁶	

ACROSTIC No. 470.—The winner is "Glamis," Colonel T. Lyon, 71 Princes Square, Bayswater, W.2, who has selected as his prize 'Parnell Vindicated: The Lifting of the Veil,' by Henry Harrison, published by Constable and reviewed in our columns by Shane Leslie on April 4, under the title 'Parnell: The Last Word.' Seventeen other competitors named this book, fifteen chose 'Jeb Stuart,' twelve 'Collected Poems of Robert Frost,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—A. E., Buns, J. Chambers, Clam, Maud Crowther, G. M. Fowler, Madge, N. O. Sellam, Penelope, Sisyphus, Trinculo, Tyro, H. M. Vaughan.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Ali, Barberry, Bobs, Bolo, Boote, Boskerris, Charles G. Box, Mrs. Robt. Brown, Carlton, Miss Carter, D. L., Farsdon, Cyril E. Ford, Fossil, Gay, Gean, Miss E. Hearnden, Iago, Jeff, Lillian, Martha, Met, George W. Miller, Lady Mottram, Peter, F. M. Petty, Shorwell, Shrub, St. Ives, Capt. W. R. Wolseley.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—E. Barrett, Mrs. R. H. Boothroyd, Boris, Bertram R. Carter, J. Fincham, T. Hartland, Mrs. Lole, Miss A. M. W. Maxwell, Stucco, Mrs. Violet G. Wilson. All others more.

Light 9 baffled 41 solvers; Light 4, 10; Light 6, 8; Light 2, 2; Light 1, 1.

ACROSTIC No. 469.—Correct: Tyro; One Light wrong: Boris; Two Lights wrong: Bimbo.

¶ A number of solutions to competitions are disqualified every week because they reach the Editor too late for adjudication. Competitors are asked to note the closing dates of the competition and to post their solutions in good time.

THE CITY

Lombard Street, Thursday

ALTHOUGH the volume of Stock Exchange business remains on a scale which must be distressingly unremunerative to both brokers and jobbers, and although the opinion that we have seen the worst of the long spell of world-wide industrial depression is by no means universally accepted, the undertone of stock markets remains exceptionally steady, and it appears as though only the flimsiest excuse is needed to mark quotations up. Of late we have quite frequently seen prices generally advanced for a day or two, only to be followed by a setback when it is found that the volume of business transacted has not justified the advance. It is suggested that this is a definite indication that, at all events as far as the Stock Exchange is concerned, we have seen the worst, and that in due course markets will go better and stay better.

An example of how markets are now responsive to the slightest rumour of favourable developments was provided last week when an American journal suggested that Mr. Montague Norman's visit to the States had been utilized as an opportunity for discussing the possibility of a moratorium for war debts. Eventually, it would appear inevitable that, not merely will there be a moratorium for war debts, but they will, by force of circumstances, have to be either entirely cancelled, or at least radically reduced, but the moment when the American Treasury is faced with a deficit of £150,000,000 hardly appears a suitable time for broaching the subject. Nevertheless, it served as an excuse for imparting a more cheerful tone throughout the Stock Exchange.

Probably one of the explanations for the present state of affairs is that markets are sold out. There is no weak Bull position, and very little stock at present levels. The slightest demand, therefore, has an undue effect on quotations. One day we shall have tangible reasons for optimism: maybe it will take the form of a change in our home political position; maybe it will be of an international nature. When it does materialize, there will be an amazing change in markets, and many investors who are hoarding money at their banks will deeply regret that they failed to pick up and lock away bargains at the present level.

Meanwhile, the gilt-edged market continues to share with the South African gold-mining market the bulk of the business that is being transacted. It is generally appreciated that we are in for some months of cheap money, and it certainly appears that gilt-edged stocks, over a period, will continue to rise in price, at all events till such a time as a Conversion Scheme for War Loan 5 per cent. is launched. As for the Kaffir market, the belated recognition that the South African mines produce the one commodity—gold—which cannot depreciate in value, is leading to more attention being paid to this centre, which is also being encouraged by satisfactory mining results. This market is likely to continue in favour for some months, and although, if this proves to be the case, many counters are likely to be raised to unjustifiable levels; a buyer of first-class shares at present prices should not have cause for subsequent uneasiness.

THOMAS TILLING

The shares of Thomas Tilling Limited are now dealt in ex the recent bonus of one share free for every two shares held. The attention of readers of these notes has been drawn to Thomas Tilling shares on several occasions in the past. Owing to general conditions and, possibly, uneasiness as to the effect the London Transport Scheme will have on the company, Thomas Tilling shares are believed to be standing at an attractively low level. It is felt that, in view of the company's very considerable interests outside the London area, uneasiness as to the procedure to be adopted under the new scheme does not justify any anxiety as to the future of Tilling's. For 1930 shareholders received dividends of 20 per cent. and a bonus of 5 per cent. Despite the increase of capital as a result of the bonus issue, there seems no reason why this dividend should not be maintained, particularly in view of the fact that the earnings for 1930 were equivalent to over 48½ per cent. on the then issued capital. At the present level Tilling's shares appear a desirable industrial to lock away for good returns and future capital appreciation.

KREUGER AND TOLL

The report of Kreuger and Toll for 1930 shows an increase in profits. Holders of shares in this company should, however, appreciate the fact that it practically functions as an international investment trust, holding very large parcels of foreign bonds. Admittedly, the yield obtained on these bonds is relatively speaking high, but high yields are not obtainable without an attendant increase in the risk involved. While it is not suggested that Kreuger and Toll's holdings will not all continue to be duly honoured, holders of Kreuger and Toll shares should realize that there is an element of risk, which normally they might not feel justified in taking by purchasing for themselves the bonds of some of the countries to which Kreuger and Toll have lent considerable sums.

LANCASHIRE COTTON DEBENTURES

The recently issued Debentures of the Lancashire Cotton Corporation Limited are still procurable at a very substantial discount. These Debentures, which have a life of six years and carry interest at the rate of 6½ per cent., were issued at 97½. The issue was made by the Bankers' Industrial Development Company, which should be conducive to confidence. It is felt that the present large discount is not justified, and, while it is not claimed that these Debentures are in the first flight, a fact which is obvious by the yield they show, it is believed that anyone purchasing them at the present level should have the satisfaction in due course of seeing them, at all events, recover to something considerably nearer their issue price than to-day's level.

VAN DEN BERGHS

Those seeking what appears to be a sound investment showing an attractively high yield should not ignore the 15 per cent. Preferred Ordinary shares of 5s. each of Van den Berghs Ltd. At their present level, which is somewhere in the neighbourhood of 11s., these shares seem to present a sound medium for permanent investment purposes. Behind them there are 3,000,000 Ordinary shares of 5s., of which some 99 per cent. are held by Unilever Ltd., on which a dividend of 25 per cent., free of tax, has just been declared for 1930.

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Company Meeting

RIO TINTO COMPANY
PROSPECTS OF THE RED METAL

The Fifty-eighth Ordinary General Meeting of the Rio Tinto Co., Ltd., was held on Thursday last at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C.

The Rt. Hon. Sir Auckland Geddes, G.C.M.G. (the chairman), said that their balance sheet position was one of great strength. The true quick liabilities at December 31 were almost exactly £750,000 and the true quick assets totalled nearly £1,500,000, quite apart from something over £2,500,000 of investments. In view of the economic position of the world in general and the base metal and chemical industries in particular, that, he thought, indicated the real strength of the company's position.

The net trading profit, plus interest, etc., was over £1,100,000, but there was a deduction of no less than £454,725 before they reached the available balance of £686,966. That big deduction included a great part of the load of taxes piled on them by the Governments under which they worked. Since 1924 the company had actually made a total operating profit of over £10,500,000, and of that the Governments had taken in taxes £5,305,800, and there did not appear to be much hope of relief; on the contrary, there were threats of new taxation everywhere. They were paying a final dividend of 10s. per share on the ordinary shares, following an interim dividend of the same amount. They were then carrying forward an amount of £384,366, equal to 18 per cent. on the ordinary shares.

They produced and sold copper in the form of pyrites; iron, in both ore and sinter, and copper, both as standard for electrolytic refining and as refined. Their sulphur went principally into acids for agricultural fertilizer, their iron into steel and their copper into electrical machines and installations and multitudinous articles of copper and brass. The state of agriculture throughout the world was deplorable and the consumption of fertilizers had fallen and was still falling. The steel and iron trades were nearly as bad; indeed, the ironmasters of the world appeared to be almost buried under their enormous stocks of raw materials. In copper, in spite of a restriction on output in which the company was sharing, stocks were not far short of four months' supply, and, as one quarter of 1931 had already gone, the copper mines of the world would only have to produce for five months from now, on a normal scale, to meet world requirements for this year.

In other words, the immediate outlook was very gloomy. Their balance sheet position was absolutely sound; they had a comfortable carry-forward; they had their new debenture money just coming in; they were shipping fair quantities of ore; they were producing up to their full quota of copper, and he could not think of anything which they had left undone, but the immediate future of world trade they could not foresee or control. If it were not for the tax nightmare, he would be less cautious in his outlook.

With regard to the more distant future, he was convinced that when the present depression passed, copper was going to rise sharply in price. When would it pass? In this country he believed it was passing now. Recovery would be a slow business but it would come. When it did come, they would reap the benefit. For the future of this company he was a confirmed optimist. He believed that through their interests in Rhodesia, through their interests in the United States in the Pyrites Co., the Davison Chemical Co. and Silica Gelatine Corporation, as well as through all their interests in Europe, they would benefit in no small way.

He would ask shareholders to look at the company's position. At a time when it was possible to foresee a return to prosperity within a few years, at which time copper prices would certainly rise sharply as a direct result of the shaking out of the weak producers now going on before their eyes, they were concerned through investments already made and through the investment of their new debenture money now being made in Rhokana Corporation, Limited, in the development of what he believed would ultimately be one of the greatest and cheapest copper producers in the world. In Spain they were equipped and ready to live through any period of depression in copper prices that any producer could face so far as their costs of production were concerned. One risk, there was taxation; another political. They were not concerned with the political problems of Spain, but he thought he could say this, that he hoped nothing would be done by the Spanish Authorities to force down through crippling taxation, nominally applied to the company or otherwise, the standard of living and well-being of their employees which they had been able to do so much in recent years to raise.

When the tide turned and prices were moving upward, the mines in Spain should be able once again to yield a rich harvest to the Spanish Government, the employees and the shareholders alike.

In short, the outlook for the future was good; indeed, it was full of hope and promise. The organization was efficient; the plants were well maintained; the financial structure was sound. The years of preparation for this period of depression had not been misdirected. They had not suffered so much as some others; they were not going to suffer so much and, when the tide turned, they were going to reap the benefit of their preparations.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted.

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